CONVERSATIONS AND JOURNALS

IN

EGYPT AND MALTA,

BY THE LATE

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EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER,

M. C. M. SIMPSON.

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PREFACE.

In publishing my father's Conversations I have always endeavoured to seize the moment when the countries whose politics and habits they record were objects of especial interest.

There surely will never be a more opportune occasion than the present for the appearance of his Journals in Egypt and Malta.

When, in 1859, Mr. Senior brought out his Journals in Turkey and Greece, much that was valuable and interesting had to be omitted, and the names of nearly all the speakers suppressed.

The lapse of a quarter of a century has relieved me almost entirely from the necessity of omitting either names, facts, or opinions; and yet the present volumes cannot be considered out of date; for, as my father says in one of his Conversations, "The East does not change."

M. C. M. SIMPSON.

September, 1882.

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CONVERSATIONS AND JOURNALS IN EGYPT AND MALTA.

ALEXANDRIA.

Sunday, November 18, 1855.—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps was for some years the French Consul-General in Cairo. His father had filled that post before, and it was mainly by the advice of M. de Lesseps, the father, that the Sultan selected Mehemet Ali as Pasha of Egypt. Mehemet Ali reposed much confidence in M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and intrusted to him in a great measure the education of his favourite son, Said Pasha, the present Viceroy of Egypt.

A few months after Said Pasha's accession, M. de Lesseps visited him at Alexandria. They travelled together by the Lybian Desert to Cairo, and it was during this journey that M. de Lesseps suggested to his host the scheme of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

It pleased Said Pasha, whose knowledge and enterprise are far above the usual oriental level, and the result was a firman, dated the 30th of November, 1854, by which Said Pasha granted to M. de Lesseps the exclusive privilege of creating a Company for the purposes—

First, of cutting a salt-water Ship Canal from Pelusium, on the Mediterranean, to Suez.

Secondly, of cutting a Fresh-Water Canal to carry the water of the Nile from the apex of the Delta, near Cairo, first in a north-easterly direction, along the edge of the desert; then easterly along the ancient valley of Goshen to the Lake Timsah, and then southerly by the side of the intended Ship Canal down to Suez.

The artificial fresh-water river would, along a line of 200 miles, irrigate lands once celebrated for their fertility, but now barren for want of water, and generally unoccupied and unowned.

The Ship Canal is to be granted for 99 years. The Fresh-Water Canal, and all the lands irrigated by its means, so far as they belong to the Government, and the right to charge for the use of the water on lands belonging to individuals, are granted for ever, with an exemption from taxation during the first ten years.

The treaty, or rather firman, of 1840, which erected Egypt into an hereditary Viceroyalty, stipulated that as to political matters the Viceroy should not be independent of the Sultan. This was thought a political matter, and the firman was therefore submitted to the Sultan. He does not refuse, but until the present time he has delayed its ratification. He is said to be deterred by the opposition of the British Government. The following are supposed to be the opinions on which their opposition is founded—

First, that the scheme is impracticable, and that the attempt to execute it will impoverish the Viceroy, whom we wish to see rich, in order that he may be independent of foreign influence.

Secondly, that it will prevent, or at least delay, the completion of the railroad from Cairo to Suez.

Thirdly, that the real object of the scheme is the cutting, not the Ship Canal, but the Fresh-Water Canal, and the obtaining thus a long strip of land separating Egypt from Syria, to be owned and colonised by Frenchmen, and to render irresistible in Egypt the French interest, which already preponderates there.

Fourthly, that the Ship Canal, if capable of execution, would be injurious in time of peace, and dangerous in

time of war, to England. That in peace it would raise against us commercial rivals in the countries having coasts on the Mediterranean, and in war might be closed against our commerce and our fleets, and open to admit those of our enemies by the shortest route to India. "Let us keep," say the objectors, "for passengers to the railway, and for commerce and war to the maritime road round the Cape, in which no European power can interrupt or rival us. If the barrier of the Isthmus of Suez be cut through, we let the whole world into the courtyard of our Indian possessions."

To the three last objections the answers of M. de Lesseps were ready.

"The Canal will not interfere with the railway, for it will not be begun until that has been completed.

"It will not impoverish the Pasha, for it will not be effected at his expense. It will enrich him, first, by a rent reserved to him of 15 per cent. on the net profits of the Ship Canal; and secondly, by the increased wealth of his subjects.

"The strip of land to be irrigated by the Fresh-water Canal does not separate Egypt from Syria; at its most northern point, Lake Timsah, it is 45 miles from the sea, and 20 from the route connecting Egypt and

ia: it is not to belong to Frenchmen, but to the shareholders of the Canal, whoever they may be, English, Germans, or Italians: it is not to be colonised by Europeans, for they could not live there: it will be cultivated and farmed by Egyptians, who will give to the Company a rent but no political influence. Its acquisition is important to the Company, but only as a source of profit, profit being essential to what is in itself a commercial speculation having for its object the benefit of the shareholders, though incidentally it will be beneficial to the whole world.

"Even if it were permitted to one country, in the narrow spirit of monopoly, to close one of the highways of nations, and to impoverish all others, in order to gain something for itself, the fears attributed to England are absurd. England, with half of the general trade, and half of the capital, and three-quarters of the Indian trade of Europe, cannot dread a commercial rival on the Continent. She has one to fear, but it is in another hemisphere, and against that rival the Ship Canal will give to her a considerable advantage, Liverpool being 700 miles nearer to Bombay by the Canal than New York is.

"For military purposes it will reduce to one-half the

distance of her Indian Empire; and in war, though the Isthmus can be closed against her by the master of Egypt, her preponderance in the Mediterranean, and her supremacy in the Red Sea, with Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and Aden, will enable her to close it at all times and against every one."

Such were the answers of M. de Lesseps to the three last objections. But the alleged impracticability, at least with profit to the shareholders, could not be so summarily disposed of.

The first step taken by M. de Lesseps was to employ Linant Bey and Mougil Bey, two distinguished engineers in the Viceroy's service, to survey the intended lines of operation, and present a detailed report on the nature and expense of the works to be undertaken and on the profit to be expected. This was done in December, January, and February, 1854–5.

Their report is dated March 20th, 1855. It estimates the whole expense, including interest at 5 per cent. on capital for the time being expended, at 185,000,000 francs (£7,400,000 sterling), to be expended in six years. It estimates the annual revenue at 40,000,000 francs, or £1,600,000, or more than 20 per cent.

This report, however, was not accompanied by

of sections of the intended cuttings, there not having been time to make the necessary examinations, nor was it probable that the capitalists of Europe would rely implicitly on the opinions of the Viceroy's engineers, however high their reputation. In order to complete the investigation, the Viceroy sent several parties of men trained to field works to ascertain, by boring, the nature of the strata throughout the line of the Ship Canal, and he appointed a Commission, composed of eminent engineers from France, England, Austria, Italy, and Holland, whose duty it will be to receive the reports of the local investigators and themselves to examine the scene of operations, and to report on the merits of the scheme, and, if they approve it, on the means and mode of execution.

The Commissioners are—

For France . . M. Renaud and M. Lieusieux.
„ Italy . . . Signor Paleocapa, the Sardinian Minister of Public Works.
„ Prussia . . Herr Lenze.
„ Holland . . M. Conrad.
„ Austria . . M. de Nigrelli.
„ England . . Mr. Maclean, Mr. Randall, and Captain Hewitt.

As the only obstacle to the Sultan's confirmation the firman is the English opposition, M. de Lesse came to London in June last, in the hope of ove coming it. M. Thiers gave to him a letter for me, a he proposed to me to accompany the Commission on i journey to Egypt. I was delighted to accept th proposal, and Mrs. Senior and I joined the Commissio at Marseilles on the 6th of November.

We found there, besides the Commissioners, M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire,* the Secretary of the future Company, M. Jobez † of the Jura, M. Jacquesson, and M. and Madame Lafosse, friends of M. de Lesseps, who like ourselves join it as amateurs. Linant Bey and Mougil Bey, though not included in the Commission, accompany it, and are among the most agreeable and instructive members of our society. They had been spending the summer in France, and together with Madame Linant accompanied us in our voyage. Paleocapa, Lenze, Randall, and Hewitt have been unable to leave Europe.

* Secretary and right-hand of M. Thiers during his Presidency, and for a short time Minister for Foreign Affairs. M. St.-Hilaire has become even more celebrated as a politician than as an Orientalist and Hellenist. —Ed.

† M. Jobez has recently published a History of the Reign of Louis XV. —Ed.

We had a tedious passage of ten days, and saw the Pharos of Alexandria at about one this morning. A line of shoals and rocks, just under the surface, crosses the whole of the bay forming the old Port of Alexandria, at from two to three miles from the coast, intersected by a few narrow and winding channels. Ships do not enter without a pilot, or after sunset. We spent the rest of the night passing slowly backwards and forwards, until, a few minutes before sunrise, in this latitude about a quarter before 7, our pilot came on board, and we steamed through intricate channels into the old port. Here we found the Viceroy's boats and his Secretary Koenig Bey, a very gentlemanlike Frenchman (by whom he was educated), waiting for us, and we are established as his guests in the lofty rooms of the vast Hôtel de l'Europe.

Monday, November 19, 1855.—I walked over much of Alexandria before breakfast. In the old part of it I made my first experience of a purely Mussulman town, and not a very agreeable one. Low miserable hovels, rising among palm-trees, masked women, naked children, donkeys, donkey-boys, camels, dogs, dirt, flies, and, above all, dust and sand, are all that I can

remember. The roads are dust and sand, the land on each side of them is dust and sand, the air is dust and sand, even the fortifications are dust and sand. The new Frank town contains one vast Place and some wide streets, but so much demolition and building are going on that the greater part of the new street is almost impassable. The sun is still burning, but tempered by a north-east wind.

After breakfast, Hafiz Pasha, the Minister of Marine Affairs, and Shakier Pasha, Governor of the town, called on us: we were presented, they seated themselves on a sofa, and we sat in a horse-shoe round it. They said, through their interpreter, that they were very glad to see us; we answered, through the same medium, that we were very glad to see them. They said that Paris and London were great cities; we said that Alexandria and Cairo were great cities. They begged us to employ them whenever we had occasion, and we promised to do so; and so our conversation ended.

After they left us, Mougil Bey, Conrad, Lieusieux, Renaud, Maclean, St. Hilaire, and I sailed across the bay to Cape Marabout, to examine the rocks, the sand, and the currents of the coast. One of the objections to

Canal is the danger that the entrance from the diterranean may get filled with sand. From the ne of Herodotus it has been repeated that the Delta the gift of the Nile, and it has been plausibly urged at what the river could give it could add to; that ie sand which it carries down will accumulate, and rm a bar across the mouth of the Canal.

Mougil Bey and Linant Bey maintain that the bars t the mouths of rivers are formed not by the rivers, ut by the sea; that they consist of the neighbouring strata, washed away by the sea, pulverised by constant attrition, and ultimately deposited on the shore, and that rivers contribute to them only by weakening the force of the waves, and therefore their power to hold the sandy matters in solution.

They further maintain that the Nile brings to the sea nothing but mud, and that its only direct influence on the Delta has been to raise the soil during the last 2000 years by about 7 feet.

On examination, the Commissioners agreed in opinion that the sands of Alexandria are identical with the rocks which bound the coast, and that there is no ground for attributing them to any cause except the constant disintegration of those rocks under the

influence of the sea and of the weather. They fou the current along the shore weak.

On our return, we ran along the coast, and pass close to the forest of windmills, at about two miles fr Alexandria, erected and maintained by the Egypti Government to grind for the army.

Mougil Bey.—I proposed to the Viceroy either erect for him a steam mill which should perform th same service much better, at half the expense, or t erect one myself, if he would contract to let me grin for him at half the cost at which he grinds for himsel But so many interests are opposed to my plan, that it has not yet been adopted. In the first place, there are about 500 persons employed about the mills, well paid and with little to do, whom the change would deprive of their business; and, secondly, there are a few persons of great influence to whom the present system is convenient. Not more than three-fourths of the wheat that is sent to these mills returns from them, the deficiency is supplied by beans, or oats, or sand; some part of the profit finds its way as hush-money to the subordinate officers, but the bulk goes to the heads of the military departments. Our visitor, the Minister of Marine Affairs, gets his share.

Senior.—Is he a man of ability?

Mougil.—Of great ability in his own peculiar business, that of getting money. I never knew a more complished jobber. But he has neither knowledge r talent for any other purpose. He began life as common sailor; at that time no special instruction as supposed to be necessary for command. He se from before the mast, and now administers the gyptian navy. Luckily there is not enough of it r him to do much harm.

It is only gradually that one learns the extent of the abuses in an absolute Government.

When I was making those docks, I found the expense of obtaining Pozzuoli cement from Italy considerable; a sample of clay fit for the purpose was brought to me, and I ascertained that it was to be found at Gourië, a village on the Nile, which you will pass as you go up. I went thither, sent for the chief man, or Sheykh, and told him that I understood that there was in the lands of his village the clay of which I showed him a specimen.

His countenance fell, and he assured me that all that clay had been worked out. I walked over the village and soon found that the stratum, instead of

being exhausted, was inexhaustible — half the belonging to the village consisted of it. Thereupc ordered him to provide, within a fixed time, a cert number of bricks.

As soon as I heard that they were ready, I we to look at them, but found them unburnt.

"We cannot," said the Sheykh, "burn bricks this village except when the Nile is at its lowest; present it fills our kilns. We are forced to send ot clay to Upper Egypt if it is to be burnt."

I looked at his kilns, and in fact they were full c water. But as they stood many feet above the level c the Nile, and the Nile was then increasing, it wa obvious that the water had been deposited not by th Nile, but by the villagers. It was just the trick c an Egyptian, capable of deceiving a Turk, but n one else.

"You rascal," I said; "the Governor of the Provinc comes here this evening, and five minutes after you wil be hanged before your own door." These people have no pity themselves, and never believe that they shall be treated with pity. He fully expected to be hanged, he tore his haick, he covered himself with sand, he threw himself on the ground, he kissed my shoe and the skirt

of my coat, and when I seized him to raise him up, his hand was icy. I gave him hopes of forgiveness if the bricks were duly burnt. The next day, as I returned from looking at the preparations for heating the kilns, I found my boats full of sheep and calves and fowls. "They are a present," said my servant, "from the Sheykh." He had had recourse to the argument which he thought most likely to soften me, and it was with great difficulty that I made him understand that they must be taken back.

Senior.—Were the villagers paid for their work?

Mougil.—They were supposed to be paid, but Mehemet Ali's scale was low, and a great part, perhaps the whole, of what they were entitled to was intercepted in its progress. The treatment of the Israelites in the land of Egypt is a fair specimen of the administration which now prevails in Egypt, and probably has prevailed there for the last 5000 years. Want of straw, or even want of clay, would no more be admitted as an excuse by the officers of the Pasha than it was by the officers of Pharaoh. "Ye are idle, ye are idle," would be the answer.

One of the first missions in which Mehemet Ali employed me was to report on a matter in which

Abderahman Bey, the Governor of the Province of Charkieh, was concerned. He was a ferocious tyrant, and extorted money and labour by wholesale torture and murder. But he delighted Mehemet Ali by extravagant promises of improvement. This is the way to please a Turk—a certainty of ten per cent, does not affect him. You must rouse his imagination by the chance of a hundred or two hundred. But the time came when performance seemed to be necessary. The Pasha was becoming impatient, and Abderahman had to find some plausible reason why his enormous crops of indigo and rice and corn and sugar were not forthcoming. The excuse which he selected was the want of water. He required the engineer attached to his Government to report that if, by employing 40,000 men for two months, a certain canal of irrigation were made, all would go well. If the canal were refused, he had his excuse. If it were undertaken, he would be able to squeeze out of the wages and food provided for those who made it a splendid profit.

The Pasha was beginning to suspect his Governor, and sent me to inspect and report on the proposed Canal.

One of the Pasha's Colonels went with me. "I hear," he said, "unpleasant stories about this man—they say that he saws the Fellahs in two. Now I can understand flogging people, and hanging them, but I cannot stand sawing. If that be true, I really cannot take his coffee."

Abderahman met us at the frontier of his government, and mounted me on one of the finest horses that I ever saw. "Of course," he said to me, "you will condescend to accept him. I should be disgraced before my people if it were suspected that I had allowed so great a man to depart without some slight mark of my devotion, or that my humble offering were rejected."

We took our places on the divan, and before the coffee was brought, the Colonel said to him, "I am told that you practise an original mode of keeping your people in order: that you put them between a couple of boards and saw them in two." "I have tried it," answered the Governor, "but it did not answer. I have given up the practice." Coffee was brought, and the Colonel drank his. "If he had continued the practice," he said to me afterwards, "I would not have drunk with him—but, as he has given it up, *c'est égal.*"

The next morning I rode with him, of course not on his fine horse, along the course of the intended Canal, and ascertained that it would require the labour of only 6000 men for a fortnight. "How came you," I said to the engineer, "to report that it would require 40,000 men for two months?" "I may be hanged," he said, "for having consented to do so. I should most certainly have been hanged or poisoned if I had refused."

Senior.—What happened to Abderahman?

Mougil.—On receiving my report, the Pasha sent him to the galleys. I used to see him there when I was building the Arsenal. But as he was not deprived of his property, he suffered little evil except imprisonment. The Governor of Alexandria and all the officials treated him with great respect. He had done nothing that hurt him in the opinion of the governing class. The scruples of my companion the Colonel were perhaps an affected prudery.

We talked of the importunate extortion of the donkey-boys and beggars of Alexandria.

Mougil.—That is because you do not apply the proper remedy. A man begs, and instead of a para, you give

him a piastre. "Ah," he says, "see what God has done for me. He has sent me this Christian to give me a piastre. Perhaps it is His will that the Christian shall give me another, or even more than another." To avoid the sin of rejecting the favours of Providence, he will persecute you indefinitely. But if you turn and give him a cut with your whip, he is satisfied. He has done his best; he has ascertained that God does not intend him to get another piastre from you, and he submits.

So as to the donkey-boy. When you give him ten times his fee he does not, as an European would do, feel grateful to you as a benefactor, or despise you as a fool. He does not think about you; like the beggar, he thinks that Providence is kind to him, and resolves to profit by its favour to the utmost extent. He runs after you, he implores you, he says that you are cheating him, he describes the beating which he shall get from his master for not bringing home the money that he ought; until you thrash him you have not answered him in the only language which he understands. If you had used the stick at the beginning, you would have saved yourself and him much trouble.

You may try the experiment to-morrow. Take a donkey-boy a course. His fare is 20 paras, that is half a piastre; give it to him confidently and he will leave you without a remark. Give him a piastre, and he will importune you for more; but if you give him a couple of piastres, he will run after you the whole day, he will watch for you opposite to every door at which you enter; he will never leave you until you apply your stick.

Mrs. Senior paid a visit to the Viceroy's only wife, Indji Hanem, and was delighted with her appearance and her manner. She is about twenty-eight, still very handsome at an age at which Asiatic women generally fall off. Nothing could be more kind or more graceful; but as the Princess speaks no French, they conversed through an interpreter. She is a Circassian, and was bought very young by Mehemet Ali, and educated in his hareem by his daughter Nasli Hanem as the future wife of his son Said Pasha, the present Viceroy.

Said Pasha is said to be very fond of her,* though as a matter of royal state he has a numerous hareem.

* I afterwards found that Said is not fond of Indji Hanem.—N. W. S.

When they parted she would not allow Mrs. Senior to kiss her hand, but took her in her arms and kissed her on each cheek.

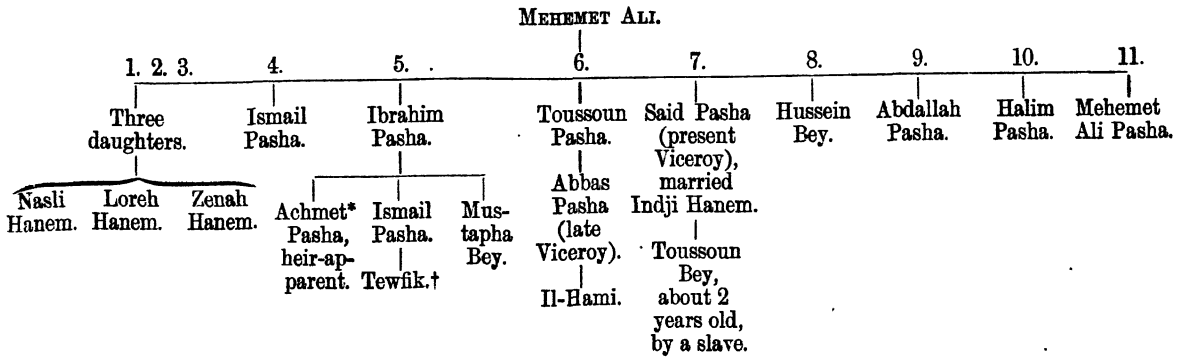
The palace is modern, with large rooms furnished in the European style. I have not yet seen in Alexandria any of the Moorish architecture that used to delight me in Algeria.

I asked Mougil Bey to-day to give me the pedigree of the descendants of Mehemet Ali.*

According to the Turkish law of inheritance as respects power (for it is not the same as to property), the eldest in point of age of the royal family succeeds. There never, therefore, can be an heir-presumptive, and seldom a sovereign who is a minor. On the death of Mehemet Ali, Abbas Pasha, son of Toussoun Pasha, being eldest by birth, though descended from a younger son, succeeded. On his death, Said Pasha, his uncle, succeeded; and if he were to die, his nephew Achmed Pasha, the eldest son of Ibrahim, would succeed: though in each case there were a son of the deceased sovereign. Thence it is that the Turk "bears no brother near the throne."

When, as must generally be the case, the brothers of

* See p. 22.



* Achmet was killed by an accident just before the death of Said, who was succeeded by Ismail in 1863. In 1866, Ismail obtained a Firman securing the succession in the direct line, so on his deposition in 1879 Tewfik succeeded.—ED.

† The present Khedive; was born in 1853, and married the daughter of Il-Hami, son of Abbas Pasha.—ED.

the Sultan are older than his sons, the only mode by which he can secure the succession to a son is by destroying all the brothers.

Senior. — Were these ten children the whole produce of Mehemet Ali's long life and numerous hareem ?

Mougil.—They were all that grew up, but he had seventy-seven others who died young.

Senior.—What an enormous mortality !

Mougil.—It ought not to surprise you when you know that the children by slaves and concubines, as all these were, are always given to the care of one of the legitimate wives. She looks on them as the rivals of her own children, and generally lets them perish by intentional neglect.

I asked him about Turkish titles.

Mougil.—There are three, Effendi, Bey, and Pasha. Effendi answers to the English Esquire. It is assumed by every one who claims to be a gentleman.

Bey is the title of all military men of the rank of Colonel, Pasha of all of the rank of General. Civilians have military rank, as is the case in Russia, but are sometimes called only Bey when of a rank which

if they were soldiers, would entitle them to be called Pashas. This is the case with Linant Bey and Stephan Bey. Ministers are Pashas. None of these titles are hereditary.

Tuesday, November 20.—I drove with Mougil Bey to a village about six miles from Alexandria, in the Bay of Aboukir, to visit some Roman remains, called in the old maps Cæsar's Camp. They mark the place where the English landed in 1801, and where Sir Ralph Abercromby was killed.

About 200 persons are employed in excavating the foundations of a square building, 250 yards long on every side, about 100 yards from the sea, which it fronts towards the north. It appears to have been the summer palace of some great man, probably the Governor of Alexandria.

Along the whole coast of the Bay of Aboukir runs a ridge of sandy land, about 50 feet high, sloping down each way, and about 20 feet high over the sea, to which it then slopes rapidly. A building in a horse-shoe form, about 30 feet long and 20 broad, faces the sea on its straight side, at a distance of about 15 feet. It was probably a triclinium in the gardens of the palace, and

resembles in its form and situation one in the gardens of Lucullus at Pausilippo. Its position, exactly where a summer house would now be placed, makes it probable that at this point the sea has neither advanced nor retired during the last 2000 years. This is important, as respects the danger that the Pelusian entrance to the Canal may be filled by sand.

We talked of the death of Abbas Pasha, the late Viceroy, which took place on July 12, 1854.

Mougil.—Although the surgeons who examined the body certified that he died of apoplexy—and that is the statement published by the Government—I know that he was murdered. The very surgeons who signed that certificate admitted to me that it was false, and that the body bore unquestionable marks of violence. His cousin, Achmet Pasha, told me that his own servants saw those marks. He himself did not choose to be mixed up in the affair, and would not look at it.

It seems that some months before his death he had severely bastinadoed two youths belonging to his guard, that they were on guard on the 12th of July, 1854, and that for some fault he had threatened them with a repetition, which would probably have killed them. They formed their plan as they were at

watch over him in his palace at Benha at night. They attempted to suffocate him in his sleep with a pillow, so that no traces of violence should remain, but he struggled and threw it off; then they strangled him. They took the money that he had near him, and his signet-ring, and signed with it an order directing them to proceed to Cairo, and obtained horses by means of it. One of them fled towards Suez, and has not been heard of; the other rode to Cairo, gave his horse to be held at the gate, walked in, and offered a Frenchman 3000 francs if he would conceal him. It was refused, and he took refuge in an Arab house, to which he was traced, the Pasha's horse, left at the gate, having connected him with the murder. He is still in the citadel, but unpunished. He cannot be publicly accused of murdering a man who, according to the official statement, died of apoplexy. Abbas' family thought that it might be possible to place Il-Hami Pasha, his son, a youth of about 19, on the throne, and for that purpose concealed the death for a couple of days.

Il-Hami Pasha had gone to Alexandria on his way to make a tour in Europe. An attempt was made to stop him by a telegraphic despatch, but he had already left the port in the Viceroy's swift steam frigate. A

vessel was sent after her, but in vain. Then the death was declared, and Said Pasha, the heir, was sent for.

Senior.—Would the Sultan have confirmed such an usurpation?

Mougil.—With money (and it was not wanting) that confirmation, like everything else, might have been obtained. The army knew nothing of Said Pasha, and a portion of it liked Abbas, and would probably have supported his son. If Il-Hami had been on the spot, I think that he would have succeeded. At the same time it must be admitted that the recollections of his father would not have assisted him with the rest of the population. The name of Abbas Pasha was hateful to all except a portion of the military men, whose favour he had bought by unworthy means.

Mehemet Ali employed cruelty, and on a large scale, but only as a means. He was naturally kind; and he was patriotic.

The object of his reign was to make Egypt great and powerful; he often mistook the means, as much better instructed sovereigns have done. He adopted the measures, often, as I have said, erroneous, which he sincerely thought the best, without scruple, without pity, and without remorse; but he was not

selfish. Abbas Pasha was the *mauvais idéal* of selfishness. He cared for nothing but the gratification of his sensuality, of his vanity, and of his spite.

The railway is a specimen of his habitual conduct. The English Government wanted it, and promised, if he would make it, to support him and all his disputes with the Sultan. He accepted the bribe. But he hated the Alexandrians and he hated the railway, and to diminish as much as possible its usefulness, he carried its terminus, at a great additional expense, a couple of miles from the town.

He wanted it to pass by one of his palaces, and therefore, at a still greater expense, forced it to cross each branch of the Nile, instead of being carried along the natural level of the Rosetta branch. Building palaces, pulling them down, and rebuilding them, was his great amusement. In a country in which every hand is valuable, in which the finest soil and the finest climate in the world want nothing but labour, he kept 10,000 men constantly employed on his palaces. You will see a couple of them on the road from Cairo to Suez. They will now tumble down, for, though his family are rich, they cannot keep up more palaces than belong to Louis Napoleon.

Senior.—What were the unworthy means by which he acquired the favour of a portion of the army?

Mougil.—Mehemet Ali employed himself principally in forming good officers. He knew that the great weakness of the Turkish army was in its officers: that the men were brave, laborious, sober, strong, and docile; but that the officers were ignorant and careless, and had generally risen from the lowest ranks by the worst means. He erected five great military schools, and bought a great number of boys, principally in the slave-market of Constantinople, and bred them up in those schools to be officers themselves, and to instruct the others. Solyman Pasha, whom you will see in Cairo, a very intelligent French renegade, was at the head of these schools.

Abbas Pasha suppressed them all, except one, in which he put lads of fourteen or fifteen, and took them out two years after to be colonels. This is the way in which he acquired a certain number of military supporters.

On our return we looked at a part of the fortifications.

Mougil.—They were the result of the bad advice

given to Mehemet Ali by the French. They are well designed, but to defend them would require 30,000 men, a larger army than Egypt ought to raise. They have never been armed, and the Government wisely refuses to spend money in repairing them; in a few years they will crumble away.

We afterwards looked at Pompey's Pillar, and at the poor mutilated obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle. The English Government was wise in rejecting the gift of its companion.*

* The companion Obelisk now stands on the Thames Embankment. (See Murray's Handbook).—Ed.

CAIRO.

Hôtel d'Orient, Wednesday, November 21.—With great delight we left yesterday the dirt, dust, and mosquitos of Alexandria, and took the railroad to Benoufou, and thence a steamer to Boolak, the port of Cairo. We are among the last who will make that voyage, for in a fortnight the railroad will be open to Cairo.

As long as daylight lasted it was charming. About one half of the inundation has subsided, but the Nile is still full enough to enable us to overlook the country from the high deck of our steamer. The flat green plain, bounded to the right by the desert, and to the left by the horizon, and covered with picturesque boats with enormous white sails; the black smokeless villages, with their domes and minarets, and the grand dark-green groves and avenues of acacias, sycamores and palms, were lighted up by a sun more brilliant, and seen through an atmosphere more transparent, than those of Italy or even of Algiers.

It was moonlight when we crossed the long turreted bridge of the Barrage. Some experienced eyes discovered the Pyramids about fifteen miles off. I could not; but the near objects, such as the camp of Said Pasha, and the houses of Boolak, were visible almost as clearly as if it had been daylight.

We have excellent apartments in the Hôtel d'Orient, and should enjoy their quiet after the miseries of the boat and the bustle of Alexandria, if the irritation of our mosquito-bites did not keep us in a state of demi-fever.

I have been trying during the last three or four days to ascertain something about the statistics of Egypt, but with imperfect success. Mougil Bey estimates the population at six millions.

Mougil.—The Census taken by Mehemet Ali ten years ago gave five millions and a half, and there are reasons for believing that that number was below the truth. The Sheykhs were anxious to diminish the numbers in their villages, in order to diminish the taxation and conscription. Many were bastinadoed, and some were hanged for making false returns, and since that Census was made the population has increased. The wars and plagues which used to consume it have

ceased; every one marries young, and all have large families.

Linant Bey and Koenig Bey estimate the population at only three millions. "It is true," they say, "that Mehemet Ali's census reached five millions and a half; but it was because he chose that it should do so. The first result was under three millions; but he was then anxious to exaggerate the importance of Egypt, and ordered the figures to be altered. Among the alterations were vague estimates of the number of the inhabitants of Soudan, who were scarcely his subjects. The population is increasing, but not with a rapidity materially to alter the results of the first enumeration."

There is the same difficulty as to the finances. Mougil Bey estimates the revenue of Egypt at 100,000,000 francs, Koenig Bey at 75,000,000, Linant Bey at about 70,000,000. All confess that they are guessing.

Thursday, November 22.—We visited this morning the citadel. The view from its terrace is formed of fine materials; of the Nile, flowing between green

expanses of culture and avenues of broad-branching trees; of the Pyramids, almost as impressive in themselves as they are in their associations, beyond them of the inundation, looking like an inland sea dotted over with wooded islands; further still, of the yellow slopes of the Lybian Desert; and immediately below, of the vast city, its brown masses relieved by domes and minarets.

The mosque of the citadel, built by Mehemet Ali to receive his tomb, is in its exterior the most striking building in Cairo. The minarets which rise on each side of its dome seem almost too lofty and too slender to be formed of heavy materials. Within, the proportions are noble and simple. It is a square, with a lofty circular cupola in the centre of four elliptical ones. All is gilt or painted, not always in good taste. The whole effect is very fine; finer than that of any modern European edifice that I can recollect, except perhaps the Madeleine, or our House of Lords.

From the mosque we went to Mehemet Ali's small palace. M. de Lesseps showed to us the divan on which he sat while the Mamelukes were destroyed. It does not command a view of the court, or rather passage, in

which that massacre took place, but it is so near that all the sounds reached him.

He frequently in conversation with Lesseps alluded to it, and laughed at Horace Vernet's picture, in which he is represented as tranquilly looking on. "So far from being tranquil," he said to M. de Lesseps, "I was in the utmost anxiety; I was not sure of my troops. The Mamelukes had many friends among them; and if they could have forced the gates of the enclosure, or if Emin Bey, who blindfolded his horse with his turban and forced it to leap the parapet, had been followed, I might have been lost: I had horses at the postern of the citadel to fly for my life in case of failure." "In fact," said M. de Lesseps, "he contracted on that day a little nervous cough, which he never lost."

From the citadel we went to the Nilometer, and then to the Greek convent in old Cairo, to see in the dirtiest of convents, in the dirtiest of streets, a grotto in which the Virgin is said to have concealed the infant Jesus. A creek on the opposite side of the river is honoured as the place where Moses was found. It must be 10 miles from Memphis, so that the Princess took a long morning's walk.

After our return I called with Mr. Maclean on our

Consul, Mr. Walne; with him was an Englishman—now called Abdallah Bey, an engineer employed on the railway.

They seemed sick of Cairo—said there was no society, that the summer from May to October was painfully hot, and that during the rest of the year, though the climate was charming, one tired of the perpetual fine weather. "All one can do," they said, "is to smoke and to read."

They believed that if the Canal were made it would be injurious to Egypt by diverting the trade from Alexandria, and that England would oppose it, because it would render the Mediterranean States our rivals in the commerce of India. The old jealousy of France, and dislike of the Canal as a French scheme, peeped out in all their conversation.

I asked whether Said Pasha was popular.

Abdallah.—Only with the Frenchmen who have got hold of him. He has increased the taxes, and reduced the expenditure, both of them unpopular acts. People begin to regret Abbas Pasha.

Senior.—What then does he do with his money?

Walne.—He accumulates it. There are many motives for this, both public and private. Under the Turkish

law of succession, unless the royal family be very small, which this is not, there is little chance that a son will succeed to his father. The sovereign for the time being therefore accumulates, in order to leave his children rich, as they must be subjects. Again, in a country in which a loan was never raised it is advisable to have a treasure in reserve for contingencies. I cannot, however, help fearing that Said Pasha, and perhaps even Abbas Pasha, have gone too far in their reductions. Cairo was formerly protected by a considerable garrison; now the tranquillity of this great restless population is entrusted to about 300 watchmen, who are known to be as great thieves as those whom they are set to watch. If any disturbance, or a great fire, were to occur, I would not answer for the safety of the town.

For some years the country has been kept quiet by the habits of obedience formed under the vigorous government of Mehemet Ali, and by the large provision which he made for the public safety; but already I see a change. There is an insubordination which would not have occurred ten years ago. I fear that we may not very long enjoy our present security.

Friday, November 23.—The Commissioners, Lesseps, Lafosse, St. Hilaire and I steamed from Boolak this morning to the Viceroy's camp at the Barrage, where he was to give us a review and a breakfast. He received us in his little palace by the water, seated us on a low terrace, and made his army, about 10,000 men, defile before us.

As we sat in a row by his side, he begged us to put on our hats. "Mais votre altesse traite ces messieurs comme des têtes couronnées," said Lesseps. "Et ils sont," answered the Viceroy, "les têtes couronnées de la science."

The troops seemed to me to manœuvre with great precision.

The variegated banners of the Lancers, seen in an Egyptian sun, looked like a portion of a gigantic rainbow. Their horses are magnificent, and their evolutions much more rapid than those of European cavalry.

The Viceroy is an enormous man, weighing from 20 to 22 stone, though not above 35 years old. He rode a bay horse of no great size, which galloped under him as if he had been a man of ordinary weight. By his side ran a groom, on whose head he rested his hand. The powers of running possessed by the Fellahs are

wonderful; one seemed to be attached to each superior officer, and ran by his side whatever were the pace of his horse. . When we drive out, one runs on each side of our carriage and keeps up with it, though drawn by four horses moving as quickly as the roughness of the roads will permit.

After the review we had coffee and pipes, and after the pipes and the usual washing, a silver dish about 5 feet in diameter was brought in and placed on a table which it fitted, and we sat round it, rather closely packed, as we were twelve, and therefore had not above 15 inches apiece, of which the Viceroy took at least 30. We had no plates, knives, or forks, but each a couple of spoons.

First a soup appeared, which we attacked with our spoons; not a very simple operation, as we had to reach $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet to take each spoonful.

Then came the sheep roasted whole. The size of this dish brought it near to us, and if we had had knives we should have managed well enough; but it was often difficult to tear off a morsel without a previous incision.

Then came an admirable stew of French beans; then a dish which looked like mashed potatoes, but was

composed of the breasts of chickens, pounded and mixed with milk. Then we had fish from the Nile, then a haricot, then a pillau, and at last some sweets. After which we washed again, and returned to our pipes and coffee, at which we were joined by Mougil Bey, Linant Bey, and Edhem Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose chief business, as he told me, is to superintend a foundry of cannon.

The conversation during the whole time was general and easy. Said Pasha speaks French not only fluently, but without accent. His manner was that of a gay, frank, unceremonious host.

Somebody was accused of flattery.

Viceroy.—He does not seem to me more insincere than the rest of us. We are all forced to paint a little.

Linant.—I do not think that *my* fault is that of being too complimentary.

Viceroy.—It would be an outrageous calumny to accuse you of it; but as for myself, I know that I am constantly forced to say what I do not think, *surtout depuis un an.*

Lesseps.—I have heard that your Highness sends Halim Pasha as Governor of the Soudan. I am glad

that that important province is to have so excellent an administrator.

Viceroy.—It is true that he goes, but not that I send him. The country is said to be unhealthy, and I am sorry to expose him to it. He wrote to me to offer his services there. I desired his Vakeel, who brought me the letter, to remind him of the bad reputation of the climate, and to beg him to think well of the dangers to which he was exposing himself. His answer was that he had considered them, and that he thought that the good that he could do was worth the risk. I could not refuse him, but I regret for his sake that he goes.

Koenig Bey, who, as I think I have already mentioned, was Said Pasha's tutor, did not breakfast with us, but came to receive his orders. Up to this time Koenig Bey had been the greatest man that we had seen, representing the Viceroy, and doing the honours of the country. Now he was thrown back among the other courtiers. The Viceroy seemed to think that we might undervalue him, and said, "Koenig Bey used to give orders to me, now I give them to him. Then he was my tutor, now he is my

friend. But we were not always good friends in our early acquaintance, when he used to put me on bread-and-water for idleness. The punishment was not ill-chosen," he added, looking at his stomach, "though it failed, as respects the physique, of its intended effect."

We talked of Gallice Bey, the French engineer who executed the fortifications of Alexandria.

Viceroy.—All your military engineers are men who will have their own way, but Gallice Bey is the most impracticable among them all. I call him Bastion No. 1, as I call Moret Bastion No. 2. Gallice Bey is an excellent man, but he has one fault, or rather one misfortune. He fancies that everybody abuses him, that there is a conspiracy to disparage and undervalue him, especially in my eyes. There cannot be a greater mistake. I should blame him for it, if I did not pity him.

We praised the manœuvring of the troops.

Viceroy.—The Egyptians are the best Mussulman soldiers. They were the flower of Omar Pasha's army. They were the men who defended Silistria and Oltenitza.

The Turks of Constantinople are anxious to keep this out of sight. They never mention the Egyptian troops as Egyptians. As for those whom you see, many are recruits. My old soldiers are almost all gone home. It is true that these men do very well. The Egyptians learn very quickly.

There were men in my father's establishments who were expert workmen after a few months' practice. But they forget as rapidly. If I were to let these men go home for three months, when they returned they would have forgotten everything. They would have to be sent back to their first drill.

Said Pasha supports his great body by copious supplies, both solid and liquid; the liquid being, so far as we saw, the water of the Nile, which may be drunk largely with impunity. I am told that, except when he is in the desert, this is not his usual mode of eating; that he uses knives and forks, spoons and plates, like a Christian. But he thought, wisely, that we should be amused by a specimen of Orientalism.

After he left us, M. de Lesseps and I talked him over.

Lesseps.—He was the favourite son of Mehemet Ali, and was educated with a view to the chance that the

inheritance might fall to him. He speaks several languages; you have just heard how good his French is. His great objects are first to promote the welfare of the Egyptian people, and next that of the Turkish Empire. "My predecessors," he said to me, "have done nothing but milk the cow: I shall try to feed her."

The Russian war, to assist in which 37,000 men have been sent from Egypt, has prevented his reducing his army as much as he wished to do so. But his intention is to keep it within 16,000 men, and to station that force here at the apex of the Delta, from whence steamers can carry it rapidly to any point where it may be wanted. He is preparing in this place a fortification, which will in fact be the only one in the Viceroyalty, for he does not intend to keep up Alexandria.

Senior.—I was not aware that there was a strong sympathy for the Turks among the other Mussulman powers.

Lesseps.—It is not as a Mussulman, but as a Turk that he sympathises with Turkey. The rulers of Egypt are Turks. The Fellahs are excluded from all posts of power or of confidence. Soon after his acces-

sion, when we were in the desert, I found him one evening in his tent in an agony of tears; I was retiring, but he called me back. "I will not," he said, "conceal myself before you. I see with terror and with humiliation that Constantinople is in the hands of the Christians, and that it has escaped the domination of Russia only to be under that of England and France."

Mehemet Ali's feelings were the same. It is a mistake to suppose that he wished to supplant the Sultan, or to detach Egypt from his sovereignty. He wished to keep Egypt for himself and for his family, but as a part of the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan was jealous of him. He could not bear to hear of the superiority of Egypt to Turkey. He employed agents in Syria, who were always intriguing against Mehemet Ali. They tried to seduce the Egyptian troops: they spread rumours of an intention on the part of the Sultan to deprive him of the Pashalic.

He remonstrated again and again, and was not attended to; at last he resolved to execute justice himself, and he seized Acre. The Sultan marched against him, was defeated at Iconium, and in a subsequent war again at Nezib; if Europe had not stopped Mehemet

Ali's progress, he would have added Syria to his Pashalic, and Egypt would have been a more powerful supporter of the Sultan than it is now. Syria is a mere embarrassment to Turkey, but would have been a very great accession to Egypt.

I remember presenting to him soon after the battle of Nezib a French traveller, who, in search of a compliment, congratulated him on the defeat of the Turks by the Egyptians. I made a sign to the interpreter not to translate this; Mehemet Ali caught my sign, and cried out rather sharply, "What does he say?" "He compliments your Highness," said the interpreter, "on the courage of your troops." "That was not all," said Mehemet Ali, "or M. de Lesseps would not have made that sign." The Frenchman's speech was then translated to him. A painful expression came over his countenance, and he answered, "I have always heard that victory and defeat depend much more on the officers of an army than on the soldiers, and I can assure you that every officer in my army is a Turk."

On that occasion, as on every other in which Turkey was concerned, Russia deceived the rest of Europe. In order to weaken Turkey, sometimes, as in the case of Greece, she persuaded you openly to attack

her. In the case of Mehemet Ali she persuaded you apparently to assist her, but the object and the result were in both cases the same.

Senior.—Do you join in Mr. Walne's opinion that the successors of Mehemet Ali have reduced too low the provision for the public safety in Egypt?

Lesseps.—I will not affirm that it is altogether without foundation. Mehemet Ali's establishments were too great, not for the objects at which he aimed, but for the strength of the nation. He was a man of genius and of a strong unrelenting will. He proposed to himself to raise Egypt into a great country. For this purpose he stimulated his people to efforts that were exhausting, but they produced their effect. He made the country secure within, and formidable without. He gave to it improved agriculture and industry. He educated his sons and his grandsons to follow his footsteps. When I returned last year to Egypt, after seventeen years absence, I was astonished at its progress. Egypt had passed from barbarism to civilisation.

Abbas Pasha, who wanted money for his palaces and his pleasures, cut down Mehemet Ali's establishments ignorantly and rashly. Said Pasha has been

too short a time in power to do much; but he is aware that his predecessor left him a very bad set of higher functionaries, and he is changing them as quickly as he can find good substitutes. The appointment of Edhem Pasha as Governor of Cairo is excellent. I am inclined to think that he made a mistake in withdrawing the salaries, or bribes, which used to be paid to the foreign correspondents of the European newspapers.

The correspondent of one of your papers used to receive £1000 a year from Abbas Pasha. He is a man who was a clerk in a merchant's office, was turned out of it for good reasons, and is now employed to enlighten Europe as to the acts and intentions of the Egyptian Government; and he performs his task with the ignorance, the falsehood, and the malice which might be expected from his previous history.

As to the absence of a garrison from Cairo, the camp at the Barrage is at only an hour's distance; but in fact the demands on the small Egyptian army are greater than it can answer. Besides the 37,000 in the Crimea and Asia Minor, the Sultan has just requested two regiments and a battalion of artillery to be sent from Egypt to Tripoli, and they are at Alexandria on their way thither.

Senior.—What is the present state of Tripoli?

Lesseps.—Its present state is that the Pasha cannot maintain his authority over the Turkish troops. Tripoli was formerly, like Tunis, governed by a Bey or Viceroy belonging to a family in which the dignity was hereditary. This is the best government for the outlying dependencies of the Ottoman Empire. The hereditary Viceroy takes some interest in his people and knows something about them; his rule can be steady because it is permanent. A Pasha generally obtains his place by subserviency and bribery, has no certainty that he shall keep it for a day, and is bent on nothing but on amassing money to spend at Constantinople.

When your jealousy of our occupation of Algiers was at its height, you tried to re-establish the Sultan as the real ruler, through his Pashas, of the different regencies in the Mediterranean; you persuaded him to entice the Bey of Tripoli to Constantinople, to deprive him of his power, and to send a Pasha in his place—and by so doing you have ruined that country. You wished to do the same at Tunis, and we sent thither a fleet to support the Bey, and to protect him against the Sultan. You would have done so in Algiers if, as

seemed often to be probable, we had abandoned our conquest.

Senior.—Is the appointment of Halim Pasha as Governor of the Soudan a good one?

Lesseps.—An admirable one. Halim Pasha is really an European, and a very instructed one. He was bred in France, and has no Mussulman prejudices. The territory which he has to govern is enormous. It extends from the first cataract towards the south to an indefinite extent; towards the west, it takes in Kordofan; towards the east it is bounded by Abyssinia. I know no one more capable or more desirous to civilise it than Halim Pasha.

Senior.—Said Pasha is accused of having increased the taxation of the country.

Lesseps.—That is not true; he has diminished it, but has equalised it. He has made people pay who escaped before, and they of course cry out that the taxation is increased. A large portion of the land of Egypt belonged to the Mosques. In their hands it was exempt from taxation. Mehemet Ali confiscated nearly the whole, and granted it, or rather the occupation of it, to his favourites. In their hands, too, it remained free from taxation. Said Pasha has put an end to this,

and indeed to all other exemptions. His own private property and that of the other members of the viceregal family now pays taxes like the rest of the country. Again, land newly reclaimed is by the common law of all Mussulman countries exempt from taxation for the first ten years. A considerable quantity of land had enjoyed this exemption for more than ten years. Said Pasha has forced it to pay. These reforms have enabled him to diminish, instead of having increased, the general taxation of the country.

From the Viceroy's camp we went to the Barrage. This work consists of two stone bridges; the western 475 metres long, and the eastern 525, thrown across the two branches of the Nile soon after they separate; that is, about 2 miles below the apex of the Delta. That which crosses the Rosetta branch consists of 62 arches; that which crosses the Damietta branch, of 72. At each end of each bridge is a lock, one 12 metres wide, the other 15, through which vessels are always to pass. But all the other arches are to be provided with gates, which are to be let down when the river is low, for the purpose of confining the water, and raising it to the south of the Barrage 16 feet above its lowest level;

that is to say, to two-thirds of its height in the most favourable season: a rise of 24 feet being an abundant inundation, a rise of 20 a tolerable one, and all below that seriously deficient.

Three new canals, one 230 feet wide, and each of the others 280 feet wide, and all of them 16 feet deep, are to receive the water thus dammed up, and to serve as arteries from which it is to be distributed by supplemental canals over a considerable extent of country now dry or imperfectly irrigated.

When the Nile is high, the arches will all be open, and the only effect of the Barrage will be to impede, as it must always do, the navigation of the river. But the Nile remains full for only thirty days, and cultivation requiring irrigation goes on during the whole year. When the river is low, water must be raised from it and from the canals by the labour of men or beasts, and the lower they are below their banks, of course the greater the labour.

The Barrage will keep the canals full during the greater part of the year, and will never allow them to sink lower than 4 feet below their banks. It is computed that it will allow a million of acres now

waste to be cultivated, and will materially assist the cultivation of a still greater number.

It is a very great and a very bold work.* It crosses the river at a right angle. In this it differs from the weirs in ordinary use. They are oblique to the stream, and therefore offer much less resistance to the water. I have heard fears expressed that no masonry will resist a body of water as great as that of the Nile with a difference of 16 feet between the level above and below. The current will then run between the arches with a velocity of 10 miles an hour.

I asked Linant Bey to tell me the story of the Barrage.

Linant.—The waste of the water of the Nile has long been deplored. Napoleon said that not a drop of it ought to be allowed to reach the sea. About twenty-three years ago Mehemet Ali summoned me from Upper Egypt, and told me, on my arrival, that he had resolved to lay dry the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and to turn the whole of its water into the Damietta branch, which is better adapted to form the trunk of a great system of irrigation. I did not approve of his scheme, and as a

* The practical difficulties were so great that this magnificent scheme has been abandoned.—Ed.

counter-project proposed a barrage of both branches, that is to say, to throw across each of them a dam with gates and sluices, and so to regulate the depth of the Nile and of its canals as to enable them to afford perpetual irrigation. He accepted my plan, and a couple of days after, to my horror, I found 12,000 workmen assembled at the apex of the Delta and put under my command. No depôts of provisions had been made for them, they had no habitations, they had not even tools. That is the way in which things are done in the East, even under the most intelligent and the most energetic Government. For the first fortnight I was engaged in providing them with absolute necessaries. Then I set to work; my plan was to construct a bed and a barrage for each branch on dry land, and, when it was completely ready, to take each branch of the Nile and carry it away from its old bed into its new bed, traversed by its new barrage. This would have enabled me to lay deeper and better foundations than can be done in 25 feet of water, and would probably have been less expensive. But, before I had gone far, the plague came, the Syrian War came, half my workpeople died, the rest were made soldiers, and the Barrage was stopped. When it was resumed, many

years after, Mougil Bey was in the Viceroy's service: M. de Lesseps had recommended him to Mehemet Ali to superintend the construction of the dry dock in the old harbour. He is by education and profession an hydraulic engineer. He had completed the dock successfully, and Mehemet Ali naturally intrusted the Barrage to him.

Senior.—Do you think that it will succeed?

Linant.—I hope so. I admit that, knowing what I do now, if it had not been begun I should not have advised its construction. I think that the canals of irrigation might be more certainly and more economically filled by steam-engines. But we have the Barrage, and we must try to make the best of it. It nearly, however, cost us the great Pyramid. Mehemet Ali sent for me one day, and said: "This Barrage threatens to be expensive. I think that we can diminish the cost by using the Pyramid for our quarry. Ascertain for me what would be the expense of transporting the stones of the Great Pyramid from Geezeh to the point of the Delta."

"Oh!" I said to myself, "this is the scheme of somebody who is to be entrusted with the affair and intends to sell half the stones." I made a very

conscientious report on the expense of removing the Pyramid, and also on that of quarrying the stone at Toora, the finest quarries in the world. Happily it turned out that the latter expedient was far the least expensive.

Senior.—If you have not been there, what would have happened?

Linant.—If I had not been there, or if he had gone to work without consulting me, which, however, would not have been easy, the Pyramid would have been pulled down. The people who proposed it cared nothing for the expense; it was for them merely an expedient for plunder.

Senior.—Did Mehemet Ali learn from the contact of Europeans any respect for the monuments of Egypt?

Linant.—Not the least. He remained till his death, in this respect, a mere rude Turk. No man destroyed more of them. He pulled down the Temple of Abydos, of Arsinoe, and many others, to build his manufactories. At last we persuaded him that this would render him unpopular in Europe, and he ordered the practice to be discontinued. But, as he cared nothing for art or for antiquity, he did not look to the

execution of his orders; he did not punish the breach of them, and the destruction went on during all his reign. Abbas Pasha was as ignorant and as careless; it was not until Said Pasha's accession that it was stopped.

Madame Lafosse and Mrs. Senior, with Madame Bonfort as their interpreter, visited the hareem of Ismail Pasha, the heir, after Achmed Pasha, to the Viceroyalty. They were received by eunuchs, who opened to them a large anteroom in which were seven or eight young female slaves magnificently dressed. Thence they went into an apartment, where they found Ismail's two wives, apparently about twenty years old, who conducted them to an inner apartment in which was the widow of Ibrahim Pasha and mother of Ismail. She is a dark-looking woman of about forty, with dignified manners and an intelligent countenance. She sat on a high divan, on which she placed her guests. The younger Princesses sat on stools below; they seemed much in awe of their mother-in-law, and were silent in her presence, but laughed and talked whenever she left the room. First the slaves sang very ill, accompanying themselves on stringed

instruments like small guitars, and on flat harps resting on the knees. Then coffee and pipes were brought in, but the pipes were offered only to the guests. None of the Princesses smoke. Then came dancing girls, about ten or twelve years old, who waved their red handkerchiefs and shook and twisted their bodies with wonderful suppleness, but not much grace. Then the Princess showed them over her apartments, four or five large rooms with fine European carpets, divans and very handsome inlaid cabinets. Then came coffee again, but without the pipes, and the visit, which had lasted three hours, was over. The Princesses would not allow the ladies to kiss their hands, but did not, like Indji Hanem, embrace them.

The native language of the Princess is Turkish; she speaks Arabic imperfectly. Madame Bonfort speaks Arabic, but no Turkish. There was therefore but little conversation. The Princess inquired after the ladies' husbands, and sent her compliments to them, said that her son was in France, and expressed her wish for his return, as things went on much better when he was at home. She begged Mrs. Senior to talk some English, which they had never heard, and it seemed to amuse them.

The general impression of this visit was less favourable to the intelligence and cultivation of the Princesses than that produced by their visit to Indji Hanem.

Solyman Pasha dined with us; he ate ham and drank wine as if he had never assumed the turban. "*Il est avec le ciel*," he said, "*des accommodements.* I am absolved from each of these sins by giving a meal to a poor man. I use this expedient during the Ramadan; I eat during each of the forty *days* at the expense of feeding a poor man during each of the forty *nights*." He denies that the veiling of women is in obedience to a precept of the Koran. "On the contrary," he said, "it is a piece of disobedience. The Koran says expressly that a woman ought to show five parts of her person—that is to say, her hands and feet and her face. The Turks have adopted the practice from jealousy, and defend it, as everything else can be defended, by interpretations.

We talked of the Viceroy's cavalry. "The horses and the men," he said, "are good, and so are the few officers who are not Turks. The Turk is unimprovable; he thinks that he does you a great favour by hearing your instructions, but he does not

choose to do you the still greater one of profiting by them. I never could get a Turk to ride, except the mere sticking to his horse. They have no hand; not one of them can make a horse change his leg. The Arabs are naturally soft mouthed, but one ridden by a Turk has his mouth spoiled in three months."

Sunday, November 25.—We started at six this morning for the Pyramids. We left our boat and mounted asses at the dirty town of Geezeh. As the inundation has not sufficiently subsided to enable us to take the direct road, we had to travel along a dike, whose windings made the distance amount to 12 miles instead of 6. On one side of us was a green plain of young crops, on the other side was water, or land just left by it, and covered with black mud. We saw the process of cultivation: one man was throwing sand upon the mud; another, with a flat piece of wood at the end of a pole, was beating it down into the mud, and so mixing it with the soil: as far as the inundation extends this supplies the place of sowing, ploughing and harrowing.

About a mile from the end of the inundation the dike had given way and the water was flowing in two

or three black-looking streams. Forty or fifty half-naked men collected round us, hoisted us, two to each person, by putting their arms round our legs, carried us over, and, what was more difficult, pushed and pulled over our asses.

After a ride of two hours and a half we reached the sandy slope, about a mile within the desert, leading to the rocky plateau on which the Pyramids stand, that of Cheops, the largest, being nearest to the Nile. We had brought no lights with us, and the Bedouins, who had collected on our arrival, had only about an inch of taper. We were unable, therefore, to enter. Some of the party, each assisted by two Bedouins, scrambled to the top. I was not one of them. The day was hot and hazy, and I was not inclined to take half an hour's violent exercise in the sun, to be rewarded by a prospect much inferior to that from the terrace of the Citadel.

The Pyramids do not gain by a near approach. Seen from Cairo, or even from the distance of a mile or two, their noble proportions appear; when you are under them, they look like fantastically formed rocky hills.

I asked Mr. Maclean for what sum he could reproduce the largest of them, on a spot in the immediate neighbourhood, as is their case, of a quarry. He said

—roughly estimating their contents at 80,000,000 cubic feet, and the cost at 3*d.* a cubic foot—for a million sterling. It appears that their contents are 85,000,000 cubic feet. The cost, therefore, would be £62,500 more, in all £1,062,000, not quite 28,000,000 francs.

Maclean.—There would not be the least difficulty in the performance, and with 25,000 men I could do it in one year, with 2500 men in ten years, and turn out a much better article. Give me money enough, and stone hard enough to support such a weight without being crushed, and I will build you a Pyramid twice as big. In fact the earthworks of our projected Canal are equal in amount to thirty Pyramids, and in estimated cost to eight.

Senior.—For what could you build a Pyramid in England?

Maclean.—I cannot answer that question without knowing what I should have to pay for the stone, that is, for permission to extract it: let me have the use of the quarry for nothing, and be bound to employ it only on a Pyramid, and I think that a Pyramid could be built nearly as cheaply in England as in Egypt. It is true that labour is four times as dear in England as in

Egypt, as our labourers receive three shillings a day, where the Egyptians receive sixpence, and our men do only two-thirds more work, but our skill and our mechanical contrivances nearly make up the difference.

Martial seems to have been right when, in the fine epigram beginning—

"Barbara pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis,"

he puts the Coliseum above the Pyramids; for the Coliseum is a work of far greater labour and skill. The idea of constructing a square building gradually diminishing from its base to its apex, if not obvious, did not demand much knowledge or invention: and, as soon as the scheme was resolved on, its execution required the mere application of labour. The Coliseum was intended to serve many purposes, besides the only purpose of the Pyramids, that of offering a fine object. It is adapted to those purposes with wonderful ingenuity, and even in ruins it is perhaps as beautiful as the Pyramids, though it wants their mysterious associations. It wants also their durability. They are the only buildings erected by man which man has not been able to destroy. When Abraham visited Egypt they were already older than any

building that now exists in England. He may have looked at them with as much veneration for their antiquity as we do. He may have heard, as we do, vague and contradictory rumours as to the time and object of their erection, and may have been forced to admit that events which occurred more than a thousand years before he was born could not be satisfactorily investigated.

We went to the Sphynx, now a mutilated ruin, with its lower part again buried in sand. We wandered among the tombs, which seem to have covered all the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, and are generally massive structures of finely-cut stone descending deeply into the sand, destined to receive sarcophagi to be protected from violation by superincumbent masses of stone. In one of them, 75 feet below the sand and above 50 in the rock, we saw a sarcophagus perhaps as old as the Pyramids. In these tombs are found from time to time little clay images, about 6 inches high, of Osiris; a large unrifled tomb generally contains from 50 to 60. The Bedouins brought many of them to us for sale. M. Laporte, the French Consul, who was our guide, and organised with great success our expedition, spent all the morning, while we wandered about the tombs, in

looking them over; nine-tenths he rejected, as having formed part of one of the cargoes of Egyptian antiquities periodically exported from the Staffordshire potteries, but he selected about half-a-dozen as authentic. "I have spent years," he said, "examining such things, and I warrant these to be of the age of the Pyramids, or older still: probably a tomb unopened before has been discovered by the Bedouins."

He was so kind as to allow me to have three of them.

We were little annoyed by the Bedouins, not many more than were wanted as guides and assistants in climbing came to us. Probably the presence of our constant attendant—a subordinate officer of the Viceroy's court, called a Tchaouss or Kawass, a magnificent man of grave austere deportment, carrying a sword and a sort of silver-headed sceptre, which he applies liberally to the shoulders of all who are in our way—imposed on them. I never saw finer or more vigorous men, and the lightness of their clothing—for few wore more than a shirt, which they sometimes tucked up before making any exertion—displayed their persons very fully.

I did not feel at all tired by my 25 miles of donkey-riding, but in the evening those among us who mounted the Pyramid complained of fatigue.

Monday, November 26.—I went this morning with M. Renaud to the Egyptian Bath. It is a charitable institution, not a mere commercial speculation. Every one is received, and no payment is exacted. M. de Lesseps told me that as he was leaving it yesterday he saw a man tender at his departure a halfpenny, which the superintendent accepted with grave dignity. We took with us the Tchaouss, who explained that we were men whom the Viceroy delighted to honour, and we consequently were placed on the carpet of state on the divan, supplied with an abundance of clean towels, and had the bath-rooms, in which the shampooing and washing are performed, to ourselves.

We were laid down on the floor, kneaded, put into a large bath about 10 feet square, at a temperature of about 100°, taken out, soaped, scraped, put again into the bath, sluiced with tepid water, wrapped up and laid on the divan to rest; pulled about again, especially our hands and feet, and dismissed after about three-quarters of an hour's treatment.

It was pleasant, but I should have liked it still better if the hot bath had been followed by a cold one.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we embarked for

Upper Egypt in a steamer furnished to us by the Viceroy. We were to have started at 11, but in this country of noise, bustle, confusion, and irregularity, it took two hours to convey our luggage from the hotel to the water-side.

THE NILE.

Tuesday, November 27, 8 A.M. *Off Minieh.*—We steamed all yesterday and to day, and reached this place at 4 in the evening. Our coal is expended, and we were to have found here a supply. But though, a month ago, all had been reported to be ready, none has been sent, at least none has arrived; probably it was sent at the last minute, and the south wind, which has persecuted us ever since we left Marseilles, and still blows, has prevented its arrival. Sixty men have been furnished by the Governor, and are employed in collecting all the rubbish of the Government coal-cellars and sifting it, to obtain fuel enough to carry us to our next depôt, El Sioot.

The Governor, a short, sharp-looking man, walked with us over the town. Among other curiosities, he showed us the gallows on which a couple of Bedouins were executed a few days ago. Minieh used to boast of six such erections, but the diminution of executions has allowed the number to be reduced to one. In the

long narrow bazaar Mrs. Senior bought a pair of red slippers for 3*s*., about the price in London. We entered a mosque, a quadrangular cloister supported by antique Corinthian pillars with an open quadrangle in the centre. In the evening the Governor paid us a visit. He told M. de Lesseps that his wife was ill. The aid of our doctor was tendered, but the Governor said that he knew well the nature of her complaint, and the remedy, namely six pears and a bottle of champagne, which were accordingly sent him.

The scenery of the Nile resembles nothing that I ever saw before. On each side, from time to time 10 or even 15 miles apart, but generally approaching one another much nearer and on the right bank occasionally sinking into the river, are yellowish calcareous hills from 300 to 700 feet high, utterly and hopelessly barren, their bases generally covered for 200 feet by a sloping ridge of sand, the detritus of the rock above, which extends a mile towards the river. Between this sand and the river lie the two strips of land which form Upper Egypt. They appear to have a very slight slope downwards from the bank towards the hills. The elevation of the bank above the lowest level of the Nile is 25 feet. The Nile is now 6 feet above that level, or 19

below the bank. Standing on the deck of our steamer we are about 10 feet above the water, and therefore about 9 feet below the bank. We seldom therefore can see more than the edge of the plain until we have passed it for a few hundred yards. It is covered partly with gigantic crops of millet and sugar-cane, and partly, especially in the neighbourhood of a village or town, with groves, almost forests, of palms, mixed with dark-green tufted acacias and sycamores; every hundred yards, frequently at less distances, are little gullies cut in the mud banks, in which systems of buckets, worked by horses or asses, and often by men, raise water from the Nile and throw it into channels of irrigation. They are most abundant on the eastern bank, which is seldom low enough to be inundated. For this reason it is generally used for sepulture. We passed a corpse on the western bank, waiting to be carried across, surrounded by mourners. The legend of Styx and Charon is supposed to have arisen from this habit of interring on the eastern bank; as that is the narrowest and the less populous, the body had generally to cross the river.

The villages are huddled together in irregular masses on land a little raised, but in no other way prepared

to receive them. The smaller houses have seldom more than two rooms, circles of 7 or 8 feet in diameter, with cupola roofs, looking like great beehives. The larger ones have short square towers, with walls slightly inclined inwards, and small external apertures. They are generally crowned by dwarf battlements made of earthenware pots, kept together by mud and inhabited by clouds of pigeons ;* all are built of small black unburnt bricks, which every one who uses them seems to make for himself by throwing water upon the mud, mixing it with a little straw, and moulding it with the hand.

The movements of the Nile, as the formation of any bank in its bed drives its current sometimes against its eastern and sometimes against its western bank, carry away from time to time the land and buildings which rise immediately above it. We have passed towns of which half has been undermined and sunk, and the remainder looks like a street which has been cut through by a railway.

The scenery, though somewhat monotonous, is exceedingly beautiful. Some one says that it is the monotony of Paradise. The groves and woods form grand objects at a distance, and as we approach them are

* "Though ye have lien among the pots, your wings shall be as the wings of a dove."—Ed.

beautiful in their details. The villages and towns are strange looking and picturesque, and are full of a population, some half-naked, and others in brown or dark-blue shirts, who stand in groups to watch us. Files of camels and asses, looking gigantic against the sky, are constantly passing along the banks. The lofty crops of sugar-cane and millet, about 12 or 15 feet high, which cover the land wherever it is watered and is not occupied by trees or houses, are protected along their sides at intervals of about 50 yards by little mud pillars, in which boys or men are posted with slings, by the use of which, and by their screams, they frighten away the clouds of birds which are constantly trying to destroy the crops. Their cries, those of the men who work the water buckets, and the shrill grating of the water-wheels, are the sounds that greet us as we approach each bank. From about 11 to 5 it is very hot in the sun, but the evenings and mornings are delightful, and the nights cool. The sunsets and sunrises are such as we wonder at half-a-dozen days in the year in England. Yesterday and this evening the moon rose cloudless. For half an hour before she appeared her light was seen to approach in a fan of oblique rays starting up behind the low eastern hills, and as soon as she rose above

them she threw a broad column of light on the river, on which the palms and acacias were drawn in shadow as they crossed it. The only site of much interest that we passed was that of Memphis.

Thursday, November 29, 11 A.M. *Off Sioot, lat.* 27° 15′. —We passed yesterday—alas, without landing—Beni Hassan and Antinoe, and at night moored our boat off El Hamra, the port of Sioot, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, the capital of Upper Egypt. We landed at about 8 in the evening, and walked along the fine dike constructed by Linant Bey, which stretches for about 3 miles through lands the greater part of which are inundated by a full Nile, through the town of Sioot, and to the hills bounding the desert. We met few persons; we found the bazaar lighted, and protected by watchmen at each end; the streets, winding between windowless walls, were clean, and free from dust. As we were returning, we saw some bales of fire on poles moving before us, and found that they accompanied Latif Pasha, the Governor-General of Middle and Upper Egypt, and Setif Pasha, the Governor of the Province of Sioot, who were on their way to visit M. de Lesseps in our boat. The bed in Linant Bey's cabin was used

as a divan, and they sat and smoked and drank coffee there with him and Lesseps till about 11 at night. These portable bonfires are picturesque illuminators, but must be dangerous. We could trace the road which they had taken by the luminous embers scattered along it.

Our pilot seldom ventures to proceed during the night. This morning, therefore, we were still off El Hamra, and we profited by the delay to take a ride into the country. The Governor sent down to the waterside nine or ten horses, splendidly caparisoned, and about twenty asses, and we rode in a picturesque cavalcade to the hills. Mrs. Senior and I humbly mounted asses, and most of those who used the horses complained that the high saddles and short wide stirrups destroyed their seat, which was inconvenient, as the horses were fresh, and were excited by the presence of a mare. M. de Lesseps, who is an admirable horseman, galloped about when we reached the desert, and gave us a specimen of a fantasia.

Sioot is on the site of the ancient Lycopolis. We climbed the side of the hill to some of the caves covered with hieroglyphics in which the mummies of wolves are found, the wolf having been the sacred animal of

this district. The narrow valley of the Nile seen from it was exceedingly beautiful. The fine domed tombs of the Mussulman cemetery were at our feet, beyond them the fourteen tall minarets and the gardens and palm-groves of Sioot, and on each side of them the greenest possible vegetation dotted over with palms and sycamores, then the Nile, and then another green wooded strip, bounded by the Eastern hills.

We were detained while shipping our coals until 11, and are now, at 4 P.M., just crossing the 27th parallel of latitude. The scenery is unaltered, but less visible, as the wind has changed to the north, and the atmosphere, as is generally the case in this country after a change of wind, is hazy; at about 2 we passed Abouteeg, the ancient Abutis, the prettiest town that I have seen in Egypt. The houses are of mud, but in good repair; many look new. The larger ones have towers, slightly inclined, the gate being often between two towers, resembling in form the propyla of the ancient temples. I suspect that Abouteeg is now much what it was 5000 years ago. We steamed on until dark, anchored till the moon rose, and then steamed on to Girgeh, a considerable town on the western bank, which we reached at about 7 on Friday morning.

Friday, November 30.—We remained at Girgeh about three hours, taking in coal, a slow process, as it was brought to the bank on asses, and not above three or four appeared to be employed, so that they were always going and coming. We walked through the town, much of which has been carried away by the river. We saw three mosques, the cloister as usual supported by Greek pillars, and went through the bazaars. Though it was Friday the shops were open; many of them had signs, the favourite one a rude representation of a steam-boat. One neat Greek shop was full of liqueurs. I saw among them Maraschïno. We then strolled about a large private garden just out of the town, planted with palms, acacias, and lemon-trees, and intersected by little brick canals. Men were tied by broad strips of linen round the middle to the tops of some of the palms, chopping off the lower branches for fuel, and the outside bark, or rather rind, to make mats and cordage. The proprietor, a very gentleman-like man, welcomed us at his door, and allowed me to pluck a bouquet of lemon-flowers, henna and pomegranate-blossoms.

On the eastern bank rise some high calcareous hills, through which a road has been cut to Kosseir on the Red Sea. "In one of the caves on the side of those

hills," said Linant Bey to me, "I once spent a disagreeable night. I was overtaken by the dark, and I knew that the country was full of robbers; so I hid myself there with my dromedaries, but I might have been murdered if I had been discovered. I saw," he continued, "a curious robbery committed just where we are moored. A vessel containing a cargo of slaves was dropping down the river. A man swam in the grey of the morning from the eastern bank, rose just below the gunwale, pulled a girl down from the deck, and swam back with her obliquely, so as to have the aid of the current, diving from time to time to avoid being shot, and raising her head and his for an instant to breathe. He was fired at ineffectually, and before a boat could be got out he was on the shore and off to the hills."

The Governor, a heavy Chinese-looking man, paid us a visit. He sat for about an hour on the poop, silent, unemployed, but not apparently *ennuyé*, a suffering from which orientals seem exempt. We sent off our letters from hence. They are carried to Cairo, 200 miles off, by relays of men, who run each half an hour, and perform the journey in forty-eight hours. They run nearly as fast as a horse could do,

and swim across the canals with the letters on their heads.

Saturday, December 1.—We reached Denderah last night, and started before breakfast this morning for the ruins, which are about 3 miles from the shore. About 3 miles further to the west are the Lybian mountains and the desert. The valley of the Nile is here so winding, that the yellow cliffs which bound it seem to meet above and below, and Denderah appears to stand on a plain, surrounded by craggy, fantastically-shaped mountains.

All that remains of the town are mounds of sand and pottery, two very noble pylones, a large temple, and two small ones. These are the first Egyptian temples that I have seen. The large one fully answered my expectations. It consists of an original building and an addition. The original building is an oblong, about 170 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 90 feet high, and contains an oblong central hall, the ceiling supported by six columns; a further hall, separated from the first by a passage, and some small chambers on each side. The roof is flat, and the walls are inclined, terminating in the broad, deep concave cornice

with which we are familiar in the drawings of Egyptian buildings. This building appears to have been erected by Cleopatra, and the cartouches contain her name, and that of her son by Julius Cæsar, Cæsarion. On the eastern wall she appears holding a sceptre and receiving offerings from a hawk-headed god. The features are those of a handsome modern Egyptian, the nose slightly aquiline and the lips full. To this naos the inhabitants of the district added in the twenty-first year of Tiberius Cæsar a pro-naos, called, I think incorrectly, a portico, about 140 feet broad, 50 deep, and 80 high, closed on three sides with a roof, the ceiling of which is intersected by broad stone beams, and supported, according to the handbook by twenty-four, according to my recollection by eighteen, columns, 8 feet in diameter, and about 60 high, with massive capitals, equal in length to about one-eighth of the shaft. The effect is exceedingly grand: not so beautiful as the great temple of Pœstum, but as imposing. The arrangement much resembles that of a Gothic cathedral, with its nave, its choir, its Lady-chapel, and its lateral chapels. The whole,—columns, ceiling, passages and walls,—both within and without, is covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures in low relief. There are

no windows, but small openings in the walls and in the roof, together with the open side of the pro-naos, give sufficient light. We started at about 11, steamed all day through the same scenes of monotonous beauty, and are now, at 8 P.M., moored off Luxor, the portion of Thebes nearest to the river.

Sunday, December 2.—We walked over Luxor before breakfast this morning. As the modern town is built among the ruins, they are generally concealed by rubbish to the depth of 30 feet. At Luxor we saw for the first time one of the most characteristic and one of the most beautiful forms of Egyptian architecture, the massive mixture of tower and wall resembling an elongated truncated pyramid, with a broad base and inclined sides, ending in a broad and deep cornice, which has been sometimes called a pylon, and sometimes a propylon. I am inclined to think that the most convenient nomenclature is to give the name of propyla to these massive buildings, and to designate by the word pylon another peculiar Egyptian form, the lofty gate with narrow inclined sides and a flat roof, in Græco-Egyptian buildings found alone, but in purely Egyptian ones generally forming the centre between two propyla.

The temple of Luxor, like most great works, was gradually erected. Amenophis III., the eighth sovereign of the brilliant Eighteenth Dynasty, whose reign is supposed to have begun in the year 1430 before Christ, and 40 after the Exodus, built the first portion, consisting of a sanctuary, a covered hall supported by pillars 8 feet in diameter, a vast court surrounded by columns, some connecting chambers, and a colonnade 170 feet long, many parts of which have been built into the mud walls of the houses of the modern town, ending in a lofty pylon.

Rameses II., the twelfth sovereign of that dynasty, the fourth in succession from Amenophis, erected immediately before his predecessor's pylon a court of about 190 feet by 170, surrounded by columns and two vast propyla, before which he placed three colossal statues, now buried up to their necks, and the two celebrated obelisks of Luxor, not the loftiest, but among the most exquisitely worked that are known. One is 60 feet high, the other 70. Mehemet Ali gave the larger one to the English, the smaller to the French. They removed theirs and erected it in the Place de la Concorde. Ours remains *in situ*, half-buried, surrounded by a large miserable population, and exposed to all the injury

which such a population can inflict on hard granite. Mr. Maclean says that its removal would be neither difficult nor expensive. I regret that it is not effected.

The sculptures and hieroglyphics with which the whole of the building is covered are very fine, but the general impression produced by the Luxor temple is disappointment. The mud town which adheres to them makes a complete view impossible, and the accumulation of rubbish destroys the proportions.

After breakfast we went to the great temple of Karnak, about a mile and a quarter from the propyla of Luxor, with which it is supposed to have been connected by an avenue of sphynxes interrupted by grand pylones. Their mutilated remains are found along the whole road. This building, or mass of buildings, is rather less than 1200 feet in length and rather more than 350 feet in breadth. We entered it by an avenue of ram-sphynxes leading to propyla, together about 350 feet in length, with colossal statues on each side of the entrance. Thence we reached a court, 329 feet by 275, surrounded by a covered corridor, with a double row of gigantic columns running down the centre, only one of which remains standing; the others lie as they fell. Propyla end

this court; and opposite to them, divided by a passage or vestibule, rise the propyla of the great hall, also 339 feet long, but only 170 feet broad.

This is perhaps the grandest covered hall ever erected. Its height is not uniform; the ceiling of the centre is supported by twelve columns, 12 feet in diameter, with shafts, including the capital, which is a square abacus, 4 feet high, on which rest the slabs forming the roof, each 25 feet long. I could not ascertain the height of the pedestals, as they are buried. The Egyptian pedestals are seldom high. On each side of the central colonnade are sixty-three columns in seven rows, each column 49 feet high and 9 in diameter. The centre of the hall, about 40 feet broad, rises like the clerestory of a Gothic cathedral, and its sides, where it rises over its wings, are perforated to admit air and light. The whole is covered with hieroglyphics and elaborately painted. Beyond the propyla which terminate this hall is a court surrounded by a colonnade, and containing four lofty obelisks, the largest that are known, except that of St. John Lateran; two of them are still standing. This court is the centre of the edifice. Beyond it extend other halls, but lower and smaller. I did not penetrate to them, having more

than enough to do to wonder at the architecture, and look cursorily at the bas-reliefs of the great hall and its walls and propyla, all covered with sculpture, once painted, and sometimes, as on the architraves between the columns, still unfaded.

We had talked about the dances of the Almés, and this evening a carpet was spread on the bank opposite to our boat, illuminated by three bale-fires, and six women, from 16 to 25 years old, danced to us for an hour and a half, during which time they consumed about a bottle and a half of brandy. They advanced and retreated, sat and rose up, shook their bodies and kicked their legs very ungracefully with monotonous violence. Madame Lafosse and Mrs. Senior said that it was just what they had seen in the hareems, but rather more decent. A crowd collected on the bank and looked on apathetically.

Monday, December 2. *Luxor.*—We started at eight this morning for the west bank. We began by the comparatively small temple of Gournou, of which the bas-reliefs are fine, but the architecture, though very fine in itself, contains little that is interesting to a passing traveller who has seen the other Theban ruins. Thence

we rode a couple of miles, through the Bab-el-Molook or Gate of the Kings, along a hot valley, between conglomerate shale hills utterly barren and deserted, till we came to openings on the sides which indicated the tombs of the kings. We examined first that discovered by Belzoni, which is ascribed by Kenrick to Meneptah, the father of Rameses II., and of his brother and successor, Rameses III., or Rameses the Great, the Sesostris of Herodotus, who reigned about 100 years before the Argonautic expedition, and 200 before the Trojan war. In its principal chamber stood the fine alabaster sarcophagus now in Sir John Soane's museum. It is remarkable for the size and extent of the excavations, and for the brilliancy of the paintings and painted sculptures. It appears that a Theban monarch spent his whole life in preparing his tomb, and consequently not one is completely finished, death having always found him at work. In that of Meneptah, besides the two sets of chambers and passages, one above another, of which the decorations are finished, are rooms in which merely the outlines of the figures are sketched very boldly in black, others in which the walls are prepared for the sculptor, but are vacant, and others on which the stucco has not been placed.

Mr. Maclean remarked that the first tombs occur where there is the first appearance of good stone, and that the passages and excavations follow the good veins ; and he infers that these excavations were employed not only as tombs but as quarries. The value of the stone must, he thinks, have paid the expense of the excavation.

"If I wished," he said, "to make discoveries in the Bab-el-Molook, I should drive levels in the direction of the best stone. I have no doubt that the surrounding mountains are honeycombed, and that I should find everywhere tombs which have been used as quarries, and quarries which have been used as tombs. It is on the whole the finest quarry that I have ever seen ; the stone is admirable, and it lies horizontally in the best position for excavation."

The other tomb which we visited was that which was first described by Bruce, and is ascribed by Kenrick to Rameses IV., the first king of the Twentieth Dynasty. This tomb contains on each side of its entrance a series of small chambers, which are supposed to have held the mummies of some of the principal attendants on the king, and contain pictures of the things with which they had to do. Thus on the walls of one, which may have been that of

Pharaoh's chief cook, are represented the processes of Pharaonic cookery; on those of another, perhaps that of his head musician, harpers and musical instruments; on those of another luxurious barges; on a fourth furniture of the purest Greek forms. The Egyptian contemporaries of Moses must have been a people of ancient civilisation and great wealth, which they expended not only with magnificence for public purposes, but with taste and elegance in their own homes.

We breakfasted in the entrance of a large tomb, now closed, and then returned to the plain and rode to a building called the Memnonium by Strabo, the tomb of Osymandyas by Diodorus, and the Rameseum by Champollion, in allusion to its founder, Rameses the Great or Sesostris. It was from this temple or palace that the fine bust of Rameses the Great in the British Museum, called the younger Memnon, was taken; the statue when entire was 23 feet high. Here too are found the fragments of the largest statue ever executed in Egypt, the colossal Rameses in red granite, of which the foot alone is eleven feet long. What delighted me most in the Memnonium were eight colossal caryatides with folded arms, of wonderful majesty; they are the finest Egyptian

sculptures that I have met with. We went on across the plain to the two sitting colossi; the northern of which is the vocal Memnon. It is supposed to be that of Amenophis III., the builder of the most ancient part of the temple of Luxor. I am sorry that, as it is now ascertained that he died more than 200 years before the Trojan War, he can no longer be identified with the Memnon killed by Achilles. I am not aware that any name has been given to the southern statue.

This year the Nile was low, and the inundation did not reach the plain on which the colossi sit. In good years it is overflowed to the feet of the colossi; had it been inundated, it would now present a green expanse of cultivation, as it is, it is a black plain of dry clods, mixed with the roots of former crops. Its barren monotony is broken only by a few patches of green, wherever water raised by buckets from the river or from its canals has been spread over it. The foundations of the pedestals rest on a sandy soil, over which, according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 6 feet 10 inches of mud had been deposited by the Nile; that the Nile did not inundate this plain when those foundations were dug is evident. Western Thebes would not have been built on inundated soil, and if the Nile had been

kept out by mounds, traces of those mounds, the most imperishable of human works, would remain.

At what time the bed of the Nile was raised sufficiently to inundate this plain we do not know from history, but as it is supposed to deposit generally about five inches and three-quarters of an inch (5·7543) in a century, that event probably occurred about 1200 years ago. It is obvious that until the bed of the river has risen sufficiently to inundate a plain the plain does not rise. But as soon as it is inundated it is raised every year by the deposit. The bed of the river seems in general to rise more quickly than the plains. Thus at the feet of the colossi the river rises now nearly 13 feet over the sand on which their foundations rest, while the plain has not risen quite 7. Egypt would appear therefore to have a tendency to increase. Linant Bey, however, to whom I afterwards proposed this theory, did not accept it.

Linant.—It is true that the rise of the bed of the river has spread the inundation over some land that was formerly dry, but the cases in which this has taken place are so few that their united effect is unimportant; almost universally the plain rises as fast as the river, and the calcareous walls of the desert, with their

sloping abutments of land, rise so abruptly from its edge that the valley of the Nile cannot widen; such as it is now I believe it to have been 10,000 years ago.

The extent of the Delta is more susceptible of change, but the only changes that have occurred in historic times have diminished it. They are the covering what was formely fertile land with great salt water lakes, along the whole northern coast, from Pelusium to beyond Alexandria. One of these, the Birket Mareout, was formed when the English invaded Egypt, cut through the natural dyke in the Bay of Aboukir, and covered with salt water the fertile district which used to give us the good Mareotic wine.

Senior.—Could not the dyke be repaired, the water pumped out, and this district reclaimed?

Linant.—It might be done, but merely pumping out the water would not be enough. The sun would do that without man's interference, if the sea were excluded. But during more than half a century the sea has been depositing its salt there; the soil is covered with a saline crust incapable of cultivation. It would be necessary to fill the basin over and over with the water of the Nile, in order to wash out the salt, or at least to cover it with a stratum of mud

sufficient to support vegetation. This could not be done quickly.

Senior.—No long operation of that kind takes place in Holland, where they dam out the sea one year, pump out the water another, and begin ploughing the third.

Linant.—The evaporation on the coast of Holland is trifling compared with that on the coast of Egypt, and the water, kept in perpetual motion, does not deposit its salt as it does in a lake. But there is another objection; the lake is supposed to be a military protection to Alexandria.

Senior.—This objection seems to me an absurd one. Alexandria will never be attacked, and if it be, the lake, by enabling gun-boats to bombard it, would be a source rather of weakness than of strength.

Linant.—Perhaps so; but we have so much to do, in proportion to our means, that any pretext is enough to induce us to postpone an expensive operation.

Our last object was Medeenet Haboo, near the south-western angle of the city; on this pile of buildings monarch after monarch, from Thothmes I. down to Antoninus Pius—that is to say, from the times of

Moses and Deucalion down to Tacitus—has lavished labour and skill. It is less vast than Karnak, but perhaps still more beautiful. Propyla after propyla, pylon after pylon, court after court, colonnade after colonnade, hall after hall, succeed; each, as you enter from the south, vaster, loftier, and more elaborately decorated than the one before. My companions had been gone for some time, and the sun was nearly setting when the sub-Tchaouss came to urge me away.

The advantages of our mode of travelling are very great: we are carried rapidly past all that is uninteresting, and have travelled in nine days a distance which those who have to ascend this powerful stream by the aid of the wind, or of men towing along the bank, can scarcely hope to traverse in less than a month or six weeks.

We have a most agreeable and instructive set of companions. We have all the creature comforts that are compatible with steamboat life, and our access to everything that we are allowed time to see is facilitated by the Government. But as the Commission is engaged on a work of great difficulty and importance, with which our voyage up the Nile has nothing to do, we are forced to cut it as short as we can. We

have given, therefore, only two days to Thebes, which is imperfectly seen in eight, and we have passed much that is interesting and instructive, and a little that is beautiful or grand, without notice.

Tuesday, December 4.—We left Thebes early this morning, and landed only once during the day, to visit Esneh; all that is to be seen is the pronaos of a temple in Roman-Egyptian, of the time of the Cæsars. The temple itself may still exist, but buried in the town, which once covered the capitals of the pronaos, and was cleared away from them in 1842; what remains is a covered portico like that of Denderah, except that it seems to have been closed on all sides, and entered by a lofty pylon; eighteen detached columns about 40 feet high and 7 in diameter, and six built into the outer walls, support the roof, their capitals, generally in varied forms of the vine and the palm leaf, end in a deep cornice, surmounted by a very small square abacus, scarcely visible from below. I much prefer them to the Greek or Roman capitals. After leaving the temple we walked to a country house and garden of Said Pasha's, about half a mile from the town. The garden contained walks, a vine trellis, brick channels for water filled by

buckets from the Nile, and a profusion of palms, lemons and acacias. The large hall and lofty sitting-rooms of the house were airy and cool. It is built, like all the Egyptian buildings that I have seen, in the European style, with wide windows looking all outwards. The cool and beautiful houses of Algeria, built round a quadrangle, with marble courts and arcades, and no external apertures except mere slits fitted with filagree, seem to be rare in Egypt; and yet this climate, so much hotter, requires them much more than Algeria.

Wednesday, December 5.—We anchored, as usual, when it grew dark, started again as soon as we had moonlight, and at about half-past eight landed at Edfoo. The vast propyla and the first court with its surrounding colonnade are all that is accessible at Edfoo. Beyond this court the ceiled hall, the vestibule and the sanctuary, may exist, but the town has covered them. It once covered the court, and heaps of rubbish now bury some of the highest columns up to their capitals, and probably cover about one-half of the propyla; what remains is exceedingly grand in its forms and proportions. It belongs to the Ptolemaic times, and its sculptures have the general inferiority of the period:

At about four in the afternoon we passed Kom Ombo, the ancient Ombos. The propyla of the temple, which rose immediately above the river, have been nearly all carried away. The pronaos or portico will soon follow. It is a picturesque object from the river.

Thursday, December 6.—We reached Assooan, the ancient Syene, the last town in Egypt, at about eight this morning. It is beautifully situated in a belt of palms, with arid mountains behind, and the green island of Elephantine in front.

The scenery of the Nile for several miles below Assooan has been peculiarly beautiful. The hills on each side approach much nearer, so as to form a background to every view, and the strips of cultivated land are generally above the inundation, and are covered with palms and sycamores. We walked over Elephantine before breakfast, and found its beauties disappear on near approach. The palms, which promised so much from the river, are a mere fringe, kept green by the water-wheel turned by oxen, called a sakeeyeh. We heard its creak during the whole night. Within this strip are the remains of pottery and unburnt bricks which denote a long-destroyed town, and

some hovels peopled by a Nubian population, handsomer but more uncivilised than the Egyptians; many were naked, and many wore nothing but a fringe. After breakfast we wandered over the town of Assooan; at its port were droves of camels lying down under their loads, principally of dates and elephants' teeth. In the bazaars were, as usual, coffee, honey, barbers' shops, pipe-heads, Manchester goods, and a vast display of Birmingham glass beads. The sun was fierce; and we were glad to get back to the boat; at three, however, we made another sally for the cataract. We turned inland, rode through the cemetery, a much larger and more populous district than the town, and through the immense banks of syenite (a red granite differing from the ordinary Egyptian granite in the substitution of hornblend for mica), which afforded materials for the finest Egyptian statues, and would supply them for all the statues that ever can be made by all mankind till the end of the world.

In one of them we saw the obelisk, marked out and on three sides detached from the stone, which was abandoned there, three or four thousand years ago, as faulty. Maclean does not believe in the common theory that it was loosened from the rock by wedges, inserted

dry, and then swelled by water; such a force, he said, in this country of rapid evaporation would be insufficient. He thinks that the wedges, for which the openings have been made, were, like ours, of iron.

At a little port a quarter of a mile above the cataract, where the Nile, interrupted by numerous islands, winds slowly, bordering every island with green crops and palm trees, we took a boat and were rowed to another island, whose rocky shore hangs over the principal rapid. Sir Gardner Wilkinson estimates the fall at from 5 to 6 feet, but he does not say at what fulness of the river his estimate is made. The higher the river the wider, of course, is the rapid, and the less the difference between the levels. The river is now low, and the fall appeared to me about 4 feet—not one quarter of what the fall at the Barrage is to be. The water rushed down heaped up in one long conical wave, which did not subside for about three or four hundred yards.

Forty or fifty Nubians had followed our boat, each stretched at full length on a log of wood, sometimes on his back, sometimes on his stomach, his shirt wound round his head, rowing with his hands. As we were looking on from above they directed their logs to the cataract and were swept down by it—at one time

immersed, at another dancing on the wave—until they reached the level water. They seemed as perfect masters of their logs as a rider is of his horse; played about in a torrent which was running ten miles an hour, landed whenever and wherever they pleased, threw their shirts over their brown steaming bodies, and came to us for baksheesh. They were, as the dwellers by the Nile generally are, thin, well-proportioned, vigorous men, perfectly straight, their forms never injured by hard labour or by intemperance, or by the use of heavy clothes; altogether the finest population that I ever saw. With marvellous bustle, screaming and singing, we were towed, punted, and rowed up the stream to our former point of embarkation, and got back to our steamer by six o'clock. Since we left Thebes the heat has rapidly increased; our cabins are now almost ovens until about two in the morning.

I sat this evening for an hour or two with M. de Lesseps after the rest of the world had retired, talking over the prospects of the Company.

Lesseps.—If the report of the engineers should be favourable, I think that the formation of the Company and the execution of the project are matters of absolute certainty.

The capital will be forthcoming in abundance. M. de Nigrelli tells me that he and his friends are ready to take twice as many shares as can be allotted to Austria. Mr. Maclean is equally confident as to England. I have applications from France far more extensive than my means of satisfying them. The Viceroy is eagerly anxious that it should be done. He looks forward to the Canal of Transit and to the Canal of Irrigation as sources of revenue, wealth, and population. They are to be the glories of his reign.

Next to the Viceroy, the sovereign most interested in the success of the scheme is the Sultan. One of the principal duties of the Sultan, as Sovereign of the Faithful, is to protect the road to Mecca. It is held by the great Mussulman authorities that if for three consecutive years he is unable or neglects to perform this duty, he forfeits his claim to the obedience of true believers. Formerly the eastern coast of the Red Sea was under the jurisdiction of Mehemet Ali. He kept it safe; in 1840 you took it from him. Ever since that time it has been more or less disturbed. At this instant Mecca is in open revolt. To send troops thither from Syria or from Bagdad is difficult, slow, and expensive, but when the Canal is open a steamer will

carry them from Constantinople to Mecca in a fortnight. The Canal will make the pilgrimage not only safe, but comparatively easy. It will save, to all the Mahometans on the coast of the Mediterranean, an enormous amount of fatigue and danger. Instead of a journey, on foot or on a camel, of months, they will be carried without toil or risk in a few weeks. Independently of this special motive, which respects only the Canal of Transit, the Sultan has a general interest in all that promotes the prosperity of Egypt. Egypt is the most useful of his dependencies. He draws from it more revenue and more assistance than from all the others put together; and, semi-independent as it appears to be, he has a firmer hold on it than he has on any other part of his empire. Everywhere else he reigns over a preponderating Christian population, Russian in feeling, and disaffected. The Christian population of Egypt is small and scattered. The Arabs and fellahs are good Mussulmans, and respect him as the sovereign placed over them by their religion; and the Turks who fill all the important offices know that their supremacy depends on their connection with the Porte. If he is wise he must feel that among the dangers which are threatening him from every other quarter Egypt is his

best ally. Is it to be supposed that he will refuse his consent in a matter as to which perhaps, in strictness, his consent is not necessary, that he will interfere to stop a great work and thus diminish both the power and the will of the Viceroy to support him?

Would not Said Pasha have a right to say to him, You must not depend on my troops, or even on my tribute, if you prohibit me from using the means which I think necessary to increase my revenue and my population. Could he refuse his consent without stating the grounds of that refusal? And what grounds could he state? Could he allege the opposition of England?

To do so would be an avowal of dependence, to which the Ottoman pride would not stoop, and it would remove the difficulty only a step further. For England would then be required to state the motives of her opposition, and what motives could she state which would bear to be exposed before Europe? Could she be allowed to say that Europe shall not obtain the shortest road to India and China, because England is afraid that the Mediterranean States will thereby obtain a larger share of the commerce of Asia? or because her Indian Empire will become more accessible

to an enemy? Such selfish motives could not be safely brought forward by an English member even to an English Chamber. I found scarcely a public or even a private man in England who did not disown them with indignation: and if it were possible that they could be avowed or acted on by the English Government I firmly believe that Europe would interfere and would require them to be disclaimed.

But I have no fears as to the conduct of England.

She has thrown off the monopolising selfishness, and the blind jealousy of her neighbours, which warped her policy a quarter of a century ago; she is now the ally of France, and the apostle of Free Trade, and of free intercourse among nations. She will not be interrupted in her glorious mission by such unworthy motives.

Friday, December 7.—We started at a quarter to six this morning, and rode about six miles through the great, wild cemetery, and across the desert to the bank opposite to the Island of Philæ. There is more light in these latitudes in the hour that precedes sunrise, than in that which follows sunset. We were scarcely conscious, except from the coolness, that the sun had

not risen. He showed himself at a quarter to seven over the confused granite rocks among which the sandy path, called a road, winds.

The little island of Philæ, three or four acres in extent, is placed among four or five other islands, about a mile above the cataract, in one of the most beautiful reaches of the Nile. It seems to have been covered with sacred edifices, of which only a small temple rising from the river, and a large mass of buildings, consisting of a long colonnade from the water, two lofty propyla, a court and portico between them, and another court behind, are all that now remain. The capitals of the columns have retained their colours better than any others that I have seen. As is frequently the case in Egyptian buildings, there is a want of symmetry. The colonnade does not lead directly to the first propyla, the first propyla do not face the second, a connected view of the whole building can nowhere be obtained. Yet the effect, even in ruin, is charming, and must have been exquisitely so when the whole island was covered with colonnades, propyla, courts and halls brilliantly coloured and lighted up by this unchanging sunshine.

For many thousand years this was the most holy

spot in the holy land of Egypt. It was sacred to Isis and to her husband Osiris, the civiliser of mankind, the inventor of agriculture, who died in a contest with the principle of evil, Typhon, was restored to life, but not to upper air, and is the ruler and judge of the dead. His worship seems to have been more diffused in Egypt than that of any other of her numerous deities, and such was the awe with which the traditions relating to him inspired Herodotus, that he seldom ventures to write his name or to indicate him, more than by a mysterious allusion.

Except at the end of the great colonnade, the island was rendered inaccessible by a pier rising about twenty feet from the deep water, of which a portion remains, immediately below the temple. Seneca tells us that fish did not venture to approach its shore, nor birds to fly over it. A fringe of verdure and palm trees surrounds it as far as the water of the river can filtrate, but reaches no farther. The island rises too high to be inundated, and as it is uninhabited it is not artificially watered. In this climate, where rain falls only once in seven years, vegetation is absolutely dependent on irrigation. The interior of Philæ is therefore all temple, ruin, rock and sand.

The boat that carried us to the island and back down the Nile, to a village just above the cataract, was followed by a little shoal of natives on their logs, who paddled along as quickly as our crew of ten men could pull our unwieldy dahabeeyeh, or house boat.

This boat is to be the dwelling of Jobez and Jacquesson for the next five weeks. They wish to ascend to the second cataract, to do which and return to Cairo will take them that time. It had the honour of being the abode of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant in an expedition above the cataract last year, but does not seem to be a comfortable one.

We started on our downward voyage immediately after our return from Philæ. The whole population of Assooan collected on the high bank to watch our departure. Their "dark visages with turbans white enrolled," fine forms and graceful attitudes, as they stood or sat under the belt of palms that surrounds the town, formed an interesting and characteristic picture. We ran rapidly down, in spite of the stormy north wind which prevails for ten months on the Nile, and anchored for the night between Edfoo and Esneh.

Saturday, December 8.—We started at five this

morning, passed Esneh at nine, and Thebes at twelve, and reached Denderah at about a quarter past four, off which town we sleep. It was too late to revisit the Temple, so we crossed the river and walked to Keneh, a considerable town on the eastern bank. It stands well, among groves of palms and acacias, and has a grand Place fronting the barracks, in which we found the Egyptian aristocracy assembled, smoking under gigantic sycamores and listening to French tunes played by a regimental band. A woman sat at the gate of the barracks sobbing deeply. Mr. Régnier, the secretary of M. de Lesseps, speaks Arabic, and talked to her. She said she was a widow, that she had only a son, and a daughter, that the son had just been taken from her to be a soldier, and that she and her daughter must starve.

Sunday, December 9.—We started at six this morning. During this part of the Nile the hills on each bank rise at a distance of about five miles from a perfectly level plain. Their precipitous sides end in a table-land which sometimes for 100 miles is of the same height, of 650 or 700 feet. There are no other objects with which they can be compared, no small eminences, no buildings, or even trees, except the palms that line the

river. The result is that they produce on the eye and on the imagination the effect of lofty mountains at a distance of twenty miles; in the morning the illuminated portions glow with a brilliant purple light, broken by deep shadows. In the middle of the day their prevailing hue is a reddish brown; towards sunset the purple glow returns, and then, as the sun sinks, it is instantly followed by a leaden grey; a quarter of an hour after sunset a brighter colouring reanimates them, rather rosy than purple, and fades into blackness as the short twilight ends. Only once, I think, since we have been on the Nile, we have seen the sun set among clouds; the effect was indescribably beautiful. Stratum after stratum of crimson or yellow fleeces seemed to extend to infinity. But in every other morning or evening nothing has been visible but the river, the black bank, the palms above it, the mountains, the sun, and the sky, red at the horizon, then yellow, then green, then violet darkening at the zenith into black.

We are now anchored for the night a few miles above Sioot.

Monday, December 10.—We reached Sioot at twelve

this morning, and remained off its port a couple of hours to take in coal; either the climate has much changed by a fortnight's advance of winter, or a fortnight in more southern latitudes has much changed our sensibility to heat, for Sioot, which we thought burning when we visited it as we went up, now seems to us agreeably cool.

Monsieur Kuny, a French physician, Linant Bey's son-in-law, paid us a visit. He is Medical Inspector of the Province; he has resided in Egypt for several years, and before that time lived for six years in Algeria. We talked of the climate of Egypt.

Kuny.—Before Mehemet Ali's time, when the fellah was not allowed to reap the fruits of his labour and had to be bastinadoed to force him to cultivate, the want of drainage and the want of trees rendered the country unwholesome. But now that it is planted, that every village has its grove of dates, and that no water is allowed to be stagnant, it is perhaps the healthiest in the world. It used to be considered peculiarly unfavourable to infant life, particularly to the children of European parents. It was said that the Mamelukes were always recruited from Constantinople because they always died childless, but now the children that

are taken care of grow up as healthy as if they were in Europe.

Senior.—Is it not painfully hot?

Kuny.—Not painfully to our feelings, even in summer, and in winter it is cold. I wear at this instant, besides all these Turkish clothes, two flannel waistcoats.

Senior —Do you think it healthier than Algeria?

Kuny.—Certainly; it is equally free from pulmonary disorders, and it is not infested by the intermittent fever of Algeria. You must have observed how much finer a race the Egyptians are than the Algerines, and they are far more laborious; almost all their quarrels are for the occupation of land. But as that occupation involves taxation, the eagerness with which they struggle for it shows that they are industrious. You must have seen, indeed, that they work at the shadoof (the system of buckets by which water is baled up from the Nile) from daybreak to sunset, and later still, and it is hard labour.

Almost all their lawsuits are for land; a few months ago, as I was accompanying Latif Pasha, the Governor-general of Upper Egypt, on a tour of inspection, two men came to complain that the Sheykh of

their village had had one of their relations strangled, and had seized his land. They brought the corpse sewed up in its shroud. "How long," I asked, "has he been dead?" "Some hours," they said. I desired it to be stripped, and found it still warm. I felt the wrist, and the pulse was still beating, so was that of the temporal artery, and very little disturbed. The eyes were shut, and there did not appear to be any voluntary motion. I prescribed an application of the Korbág (whip) to the soles of the feet, which, as a counter-irritant would relieve the head, if life was not extinct. The dead man overheard me, opened his eyes, and asked for water. "God is merciful," said the complainers, "and has restored him to life." The pasha, however, took a more matter-of-fact view of the case, and ordered them to be bastinadoed; while this was being done, I whispered to the corpse, "Your turn will come next; you had better slip away."

It threw off its shroud, and ran off. It was caught, however, and received its punishment. Having thus disposed of the fraudulent pleading, the pasha heard the merits of the case, and it appeared that the man had really been unjustly dispossessed by the sheykh, though he had thought it advisable to strengthen his

case by adding an accusation of murder to one of unlawful eviction.

Senior.—What sort of title has the Fellah to his land?

Kuny.—Any one who has cultivated land previously unreclaimed is entitled to hold it as long as he pays the taxes. He can sell it, and it goes to his children. Land confiscated for non-payment of taxes, or abandoned, belongs to the Government, and is granted out by it. The origin, therefore, of titles to land are: having reclaimed it, purchase, inheritance, or grant. In many cases, however, the land surrounding a village is held in common by its inhabitants, and a new allotment of it is made, family by family, every year.

Senior.—How much will feed a family?

Kuny.—Of average land a feddan (about an English acre) is sufficient for two persons; a family of six, therefore, would require three feddans.

Here, to my regret, our conversation was broken off by the departure of the boat. In Ireland, before the potato failure, six acres of good land was supposed to be the least quantity on which a family of six could subsist, on the most abundant crop, the potato.

We anchored for the night a few miles above Minieh.

Tuesday, December 11.—We reached Benisooef at five this evening. During the greater part of our course the desert was constantly in our sight; a strip of arable land, or a belt of palms not fifty yards wide, was all that was interposed between the river and the sand or rock. The few villages were surrounded by sand.

We met with the Viceroy at Benisooef, and landed to visit him. We found him in the cavalry barrack, in a long room overlooking the river, the upper part of which was raised and carpeted, and ended in a deep divan. One or two of us were placed by him on the divan, the rest were seated round, and long pipes and coffee were served. We talked about the barrack in which we were sitting, and he complained of its arrangement.

Viceroy.—The horses are on the north side, the men on the south, so that for ten months the smell of the stable is blown on them. It was one of Abbas Pasha's buildings, who, fond as he was of building, lived always in the most uncomfortable houses. I shall not easily forget the palace which Linant Bey built for him in Cairo.

Linant.—I assure your Highness that I am not responsible.

Viceroy.—You are quite right to disavow it, for such a strange, ill-planned khan I never was in.

Linant.—The plans were Abbas Pasha's. The little that I was allowed to do he afterwards altered. I put in a decent staircase. Some months after I had to present myself to him, and began mounting my staircase, and found that a wall had been built across it. I puzzled my way up to the upper apartments, breaking my shins against dark steps, and my nose against walls, and found myself in his presence without having seen any one on my way.

Viceroy.—That does not prove that twenty people may not have seen *you*. He liked his staircases to be concealed and dark, with passages from them leading to nothing, in which guards might be concealed to pounce suddenly out. All his rooms had three or four doors, both to enable him to escape, and to prevent its being foreseen by which he would go out. He was surrounded by astrologers, who kept threatening him with assassination, and promising him to avert the danger by certain ceremonies, which it cost a great deal of money to perform. I have one of them now, who was sent to him by the Sultan of Borneo. He has thought fit to prophesy about me. His last prophecy

has about eight months to run; as soon as they are over I shall give him a flogging and send him home.

Senior (*to Lesseps*).—It is curious to find Pharaoh still surrounded by his wise men and magicians.

Viceroy.—I have known some cases of the fulfilment of these prophecies. Ibrahim Pasha's death was accurately foretold.

Linant.—Ibrahim's health justified such a prophecy.

Viceroy.—It justified a prophecy that he would not live long, but not a prophecy made some months before, that he would die on a particular day; of course it was a coincidence, but it was a remarkable one.

Have you heard, M. de Lesseps, what the Bedouins about Sioot have done? They have burnt their tents and consented to live in houses. No Bedouins ever did so before. They are a strange people. When the robberies and murders of this tribe became intolerable, I thought that I should prevent bloodshed by sending against them an overwhelming force. They were surrounded: they must have seen that successful resistance was absolutely impossible. But they would not lay down their arms until they had forced my troops to kill several of them. That satisfied the

honour, and they submitted and promised to live honestly and peaceably—if I would give them lands. I refused. Then it was, as I said before, that they offered to abandon the desert and to live by the Nile and under roofs. On these terms I consented.

He made some remarks, which I did not fully catch, on a letter in the *Times* from their correspondent in Alexandria. I find far more importance attached to these communications than they deserve. They are supposed to express the opinions of the English in Egypt, and to influence the opinions of the English in Europe. Though they are harmless with us, they do great mischief here. I find an impression among the political people that the English look with a sort of dislike on Said Pasha and on his government.

The real fact is that the English public know nothing of Said Pasha, and very little of Egypt. I had tried to acquire some knowledge of both before I arrived, but find that I have to unlearn all my previous notions.

As we were going, the Viceroy said something in French to Mr. Maclean. Maclean, who, though he reads French, speaks it imperfectly, did not understand him. "Tell him," said the Viceroy, "that if he will

visit me next year my son shall talk to him, for he is learning English."

"Do you suppose," I said to Linant Bey after we returned, "that the Viceroy has any of his predecessor's fears?" "Not in the least," answered Linant. "All those about him are his early friends. He is a public-spirited benevolent sovereign, and a kind master. He is always anxious to please and to serve; he never punishes if he can avoid it, and then leniently. He knows that he is as safe as you or I."

M. de Lesseps stayed to dine with the Viceroy, which detained us off Benisooef for a couple of hours. The Viceroy is accompanied by about 1500 men, who march with him to the Fayoom. Their encampment is on the shore off which is our anchorage, and does not make it agreeable. We were glad to get away at about nine at night.

Wednesday, December 12.—The moon, which, though only in her second night, gave some light, failed us early, and we anchored. We started again at half-past five this morning. The finest object that we saw after sunrise was the vast pyramid called Haram el Kedab, rising in four great tiers from its rocky base.

It looked both grand and beautiful, standing alone and glowing in the red morning light. We find the climate cooler than that of Assooan, but warmer than that of the Nile north of Thebes. We reached Boolak, the port of Cairo, at noon, and found our horses and carriages waiting for us on the shore; as it was thought possible that we might arrive yesterday evening, they were sent thither at sunset, and remained there all night. We find the mosquitoes, which we had escaped on the Nile, in full vigour. Cairo can never be free from them, or it would be free now. We hear that Judæa is infested by cholera, and, as that entails quarantine, we probably shall give up our intention of visiting Jerusalem.

CAIRO.

Thursday, December 13.—I walked out of Cairo this morning by the northern gate, and found myself at the beginning of a broad avenue of sycamores and acacias, which I followed for about four miles till I reached the village of Shoobra.

Between me and the Nile was a canal of irrigation, and its whole length was dotted by sakeeyehs, not fifty yards from one another, in which oxen were drawing up the water and distributing it to the fields on the other side of the road. They seemed to be highly cultivated, principally with millet, Indian corn and sugar-cane. Palms, sycamores, and acacias bounded every cross-road, and gave to the country the forest-like appearance which is given to England by our hedge-row trees. It seemed to be very populous: the road, a very broad one, was crowded for the whole four miles, but not by carts; one or two private carriages were the only wheel vehicles. Donkeys and camels seemed to carry all the burthens.

The women are much less veiled here than in Algeria —a fourth or fifth of those whom I met had their faces uncovered. They have small features, good teeth and good-humoured countenances, but are less handsome than the men; the children are frightful.

After breakfast we visited Achmed Pasha, the son of Ibrahim, and heir to the viceroyalty, he received us in a plain unpretending house, in a large garden. He resembles the Viceroy in figure and somewhat in countenance; his manner is very good and easy, but less animated than that of his uncle. He was educated in France, and speaks French perfectly.

He is the richest man in Egypt, possesses large estates, and devotes himself to their improvement. Last year he presented M. de Lesseps with a fine Egyptian mare; his inquiries after her led the conversation to the subject of breeding.

Achmed Pasha.—Few animals, indeed few plants, flourish in Egypt except those which are indigenous. The finest Arab horses lose their vigour after the first year. It is difficult even to keep them long alive. Twice in the year, for about a month each time, our horses and camels are attacked by a yellow fly about the length of a wasp, which inflicts a sting apparently

slight, but destructive. The blood of the animal seems to be poisoned; it loses its sleep and appetite, and dies. No remedy is efficacious; the only preventive is to keep the horses and camels during that month in the desert. The fly is found only in the neighbourhood of trees. Both the Egyptian and the Arab horses suffer from it; but the Egyptian, having thicker skins and thicker coats, suffer less. They are good, but cannot do the work of an Arab.

Millet, barley and sugar are our most profitable commodities. Wheat pays well now, but the present prices are exceptional, and at ordinary ones I have known wheat-growers lose money.

Senior.—Can your sugar stand the competition of Cuba?

Achmed Pasha.—I believe that it can. The proof is that a few years ago we exported largely, and it must have been to markets where it met the Cuba sugar. At present the internal demand is such that it is all consumed at home. If our labour was as cheap as the slave labour of Cuba we should fear no competition.

Lafosse.—Do you grow indigo?

Achmed Pasha.—A little in Upper Egypt, but it is not profitable.

Lafosse.—Have you tried planting timber trees?

Achmed Pasha.—We have tried some, but they grow so rapidly that the timber is not better than that which our indigenous trees, the acacia and the sycamore, furnish. I have planted extensively, but principally acacias, sycamores and palms. They will grow wherever there is water. I have tried the experiment in pure sand, portions of the actual desert. For the first year, nothing would grow, but the trees which were planted after the sand had been watered for two years flourished. All that is not absolute rock may be cultivated, if water can be supplied. Nothing can be wiser than the Viceroy's determination to employ all the disposable resources of the country in increasing the means of irrigation.

It is not so much by the mud which it deposits as by its influence in breaking up the hard soil that the Nile fertilises. If it really deposited much mud Egypt would rise much more rapidly than the most extravagant estimates suppose it to do. For this purpose, too, it must flow over the land; but the difference between the level of the land and that of the river and its canals, even when the river is full, is not always such as to enable the water to cover it.

It is not carried over the soil, but through it by canals of filtration. In what is called the inundation you see lands at a distance from the river or from any of its canals become gradually humid, like a sponge in a basin of water. The Nile filters into it, without any perceptible cause, by capillary attraction. It is clear that in these cases it can deposit nothing on the surface. It is clear also that what it does deposit it must deposit in the neighbourhood of its banks, that it is in the tubes through which the soil has sucked it. By far the greater part of the mud of which it is full is washed from its banks—you must have seen that it is constantly eating them away, sometimes carrying off in its stream half a town.

We are forced to pay great attention to the rotation of crops. The sugar-cane cannot be grown except at long intervals, it takes too much out of the soil; one of our best cultivations is rice. It is productive, and the manure which is necessary to it enriches the land.

Lafosse.—Where do you get your manure; I see little stock to supply it.

Achmed Pasha.—The best sources are the remains of ancient towns; our most flourishing villages are

built over such remains. The mixture of pulverised brick, decayed wood, and all the undefinable materials of which dust consists, with the addition of water, produce a soil of immense fertility, more fertile by far than the celebrated mud of the Nile.

After we left the Pasha, we wandered over his fine garden, and plucked oranges from the trees; except the mandarins, they are scarcely ripe. We then went over his stables. His mares, kept in a separate stable, very lofty, with a nave and aisles like a small cathedral, seemed to us much better than the horses; the horses had fine heads, but short necks and heavy shoulders. As we left the stable we saw the Prince riding out from his house, mounted on an ass, with one attendant walking by his side.

At dinner I sat between Madame Ruyssenaer, the wife of the Consul-general of Holland, and Mougil Bey. They agreed that Achmed Pasha was parsimonious in his own expenses, and liberal to those about him.

Madame Ruyssenaer.—The Turks seldom keep their servants long, they change them on the slightest caprice; Achmed Pasha is constant, he treats them

well, and never parts with them but for some serious fault.

Senior.—How does Achmed Pasha invest his large annual savings?

Mougil.—He is a speculative builder, he builds houses and lets them. He establishes sugar-mills, he reclaims land, and above all he buys land.

Senior.—For how many years' purchase does land sell?

Mougil.—There is no established rate, every transaction is a separate one; land is rarely in the market. Sometimes a rich man is anxious to increase his possessions, and tries to tempt his neighbours to sell; sometimes a distressed man is forced to sell, and tries to tempt them to buy; you have almost always an eager seller and an indifferent buyer, or *vice versâ*.

Senior.—At what rate can money be invested?

Mougil.—Safely at six per cent., with risk at eighteen per cent.

We talked of the Barrage.

Mougil.—I estimated the expense, exclusive of the canals, at six millions of francs. It has already cost eighteen and before it is finished will cost twenty-five;

my estimate was made at the prices furnished to me by the Government. It was during the system of *corvées* and requisitions. Before much had been done, both these practices were abolished. I had to pay wages and to buy materials. I have grown wiser, and now refuse to give any but conditional estimates.

Mehemet Ali was always in a hurry. If I told him that a particular work could be effected by 60,000 men in ten weeks, he would offer me 600,000 men, and require it to be completed in one week.

I had always to explain to him that the number of men who can be conveniently disposed, so as not to interfere with one another, and can be sufficiently superintended, is limited.

Linant.—He never was quite convinced of that. He never could comprehend why 4000 men could not do in a week what 1000 men could do in a month. In 1840 he wished to extemporise a fleet.

Lesseps.—On that occasion, perhaps, he was right. I remarked to him that a fleet built in three or four months, of unseasoned wood and by unpractised workmen, would not last six months. "I do not want it," he answered, "to last six months. Before six months are over this matter will be decided. I wish Egypt to

appear in the eyes of the Continent and in the eyes of England as a maritime power. When the fleet has produced its moral effect it may rot."

Mougil.—Said Pasha has some of his father's impatience. He told me the other day that he intended next year to have all the canals in Egypt cleaned out, and to set 900,000 persons on the work.

Maclean.—Who could bear to live in a country where the sovereign can set a fifth or a sixth of the population on one work?

Mougil.—You must recollect that the work is one eminently useful, particularly to the agricultural population that is to be employed on it, and also it is one which cannot be left to individual enterprise.

It must be done on a large scale, and the operations in one district will often benefit almost exclusively another. In a country originally created by irrigation, and maintained by keeping up and directing that irrigation, to call out a *levée en masse* to clean out canals may be as justifiable as to call one out to repel an invasion. The system of *corvées* once prevailed over all Europe. The maritime press and the statute labour of England and the *prestations en nature* in France are relics of it. Egypt ought not to be reproached for

continuing a practice which her most advanced contemporaries have scarcely relinquished. Even the 900,000 persons whom Said Pasha proposes to call out for a short time, and for a productive purpose, will be a requisition less severe than the labour constantly employed by Mehemet Ali for unproductive purposes. He had an army of 280,000 men, and employed at least 120,000 more in providing them with arms and clothing, on his palaces, and in other useless occupations; these were able-bodied men, the flower of the population. Of the 900,000 now in question, not 400,000 will be able-bodied men, the great majority will be women and children. The men will be placed at the bottom of the canal scooping up the mud, they will hand it to weaker ones or to women half-way up, and they again to children at the top. At every stage some of it is spilt.

I remember Hekekyan Bey comparing the collection of the revenue in Egypt to this operation in the canals: "What was a basketful," he said, "when taken from the fellah, wastes and wastes as it passes from hand to hand, till, when it reaches the treasury, it has dwindled to a handful."

Friday, December 14.—Achmed Pasha was to have

called on us at twelve this morning, but he mistook our residence, and did not arrive till one. In the meantime the Commissioners had dispersed. Luckily Mougil Bey and I saw him coming and received him; M. de Lesseps joined us soon after.

Our conversation turned principally on his grandfather, Mehemet Ali.

Lesseps.—As a man of creative and administrative genius, I put him very high; indeed, I am not sure that I do not put him higher than Napoleon himself, if we take into account their comparative advantages.

Napoleon belonged to the most highly civilised nation on the Continent, and received the best education which that nation could give. The storms of the Revolution had thrown to the surface the men most eminent for talents and for knowledge, and thus gave him the best assistants. He organised France, reformed its laws, restored its finances, and created the centralised system of administration which partly for good and partly for evil, still subsists. But he had excellent materials, the civilisation of ten centuries, to work *on*, and excellent instruments to work *with*. Mehemet Ali had to create everything—he had almost to create himself.

Few men have passed a youth of greater hardship. Even after he had obtained some influence by his services in Egypt, and used to dine with my father, who early detected his talents—often, instead of going home at night, he slept near the door. One day, as he told me, a silver dish was stolen. He thought that the suspicion had fallen on himself, as the poorest guest, and it was with great difficulty that he could be prevailed on to return to the house.

He never could write, and did not learn to read till he was forty-seven, and then imperfectly. I remember his puzzling over a despatch; and when I remarked on the difficulty of reading Turkish, he answered, "My difficulty is not to read Turkish, but to read anything. You will see how quickly my secretary will read it." And yet this man, ignorant and uneducated, valued as highly as any European the knowledge which he did not possess.

He sent his own younger children and his grandchildren—Ibrahim Pasha's sons—to be educated in France. He surrounded himself with Christians; he sent many hundreds of young men to be brought up in Europe. He established schools in all the towns and large villages, places in which, at that time, not an

Egyptian could read, and in which knowledge was so unpopular that mothers blinded their children to keep them from school. He gave the land for building a Protestant Church in Cairo. He invited the Lazarists to Egypt to diffuse education, and the Sisters of Mercy to be patterns of Christian charity.

Napoleon always boasted that he went with his age. Mehemet Ali went far and far beyond it.

The great misfortune of his reign was that the support which he received from France drew on him the dislike of England. England wished to support the reign of the Mamelukes, the most stupid tyranny that ever laid waste a country. When, in opposition to England, Mehemet Ali became Pasha, the canals on which the existence of Egypt depends were going fast to ruin. The country was unsafe, the population was diminishing; all was misery and ignorance He restored the canals, he fertilised the country, he increased its population and its wealth, he made it safe, he made it powerful; and if England, partly de ed by Russia, and partly in pursuance of her old je usy of France, had not interfered, he would have n e it still more powerful. He raised it from being one the lowest to be one of the first Mussulman countries in the

world, the only one in which wealth, knowledge and education are advancing. How many sovereigns have there been since the world began for whom so much can be said?

Achmed Pasha listened with apparent pleasure to M. de Lesseps' eulogium on his grandfather, particularly to that part of it in which Mehemet Ali was praised for his appreciation of knowledge. His own education was one of its results. He was a distinguished pupil in the École Polytechnique in Paris. The difference between his age and that of his uncle is not above two or three years. The chances therefore are against his reigning long, indeed reigning at all.* But it is an almost unappreciable blessing for a country in which so much is to be done, and there are so few to do it, to have in reserve an instructed, accomplished ruler who has been prepared for the throne by education and by familiar intercourse with the world.

When we visited Achmed Pasha he was the principal talker. When he visited us he said little, and left the burthen of the conversation to M. de Lesseps. "This,"

* He was killed by an accident a short time before the death of of Said.—Ed.

said Lesseps, "was according to the rules of oriental politeness. The person visited ought to provide everything—talk as well as pipes and coffee." I observed that both he and the Viceroy were helped first in their own houses. "This, too," said Lesseps, "is according to rule. The master of the house eats first from every dish, and drinks first if a cup goes round. It is an ancient precaution against poison, and is extended, merely from imitation, to things as to which it is not a precaution, such as coffee served in separate cups, and pipes."

After the Prince left us, I called on Hekekyan Bey. He belongs to an Armenian family which had great influence under Mehemet Ali. One of his brothers-in-law, Kosrew Bey, was First Dragoman to the Viceroy; his other brother-in-law, Artim Bey, was Prime Minister; he himself was director of the École des Arts et Métiers. Abbas Pasha, who hated all his grandfather's friends, dismissed them, and they are still out of office. He spent many years in England, and speaks English perfectly.

We talked of the antiquity of the Egyptian monuments.

Hekekyan.—It seems to me there are moral proofs of

very remote civilisation as striking as the physical ones. Look at an English peasant, or even an English shopkeeper, addressed by a peer. The Englishman knows that the man who is talking to him is his equal in the eyes of the law; that he dares not strike him, dares not touch him, and, except under peculiar circumstances, cannot even injure him; yet he is timid, embarrassed and servile. Compare him with an Egyptian in the presence of a Turk. The Egyptian feels that the man before him is his master; that he can oppress him, bastinado him, and ruin him with impunity. Yet he preserves towards this insolent tyrant the dignity of an equal, almost of a superior. There is nothing degraded in his submission, nothing abject in his fear. To what can this self-respect in misery, this grandeur in humiliation, be owing, except to a civilisation which has endured for hundreds of generations?

Senior.—According to that reasoning, the civilisation of the modern Egyptians ought to be greater than that of those who built Thebes, for it is much older.

Hekekyan.—Of course it is older, but in what proportion, who can tell? The great hall at Karnak may have been built about 3000 years ago. Who can say

what portion that period is of Egyptian civilisation? who can affirm that Egypt had not been a civilised monarchy 6000 years before? The Pyramids are supposed to be at least 2000 years older than Karnak; but those who built the Great Pyramid had wealth, knowledge, power of combination, and, above all, boldness in designing and perseverance in executing, which do not belong to a young society. I believe Egypt to have been the cradle of civilisation.

Senior.—I have no doubt that we owe to Egypt much of our religion, and almost all the fine arts. In architecture, indeed, we are still immeasurably her inferiors; but freedom, and the institutions which preserve freedom, we owe to our Teutonic ancestors.

Hekekyan.—You may owe your freedom to your Teutonic ancestors, but you scarcely owe to them, what is much more important, the habit of obedience to the law. The recognition of a superior authority entitled to frame and to enforce general rules of conduct is the first step towards civilisation. There is reason to believe that Egypt was a country governed by law many thousand years before Europe or even Asia had emerged from savage anarchy. It was in Egypt that the first lawgiver whose laws are recorded, Moses,

learned his wisdom. It was from Egypt that legislation flowed to Greece, to Etruria, and to Rome. The Nile was perhaps the civiliser of the world. It produced Egypt, and in Egypt mankind seem first to have begun to improve. What were the causes which arrested that improvement, which occasioned Egyptian civilisation to become stationary, and then to decline, we do not know, and probably never shall know; but I never think of ancient Egypt, of the Egypt of the Pharaohs, without reverence or without gratitude.

THE DESERT.

Saturday, December 15. *Desert Station No.* 8.—Lord Canning and Mr. Bruce,* the English Consul-General, reached Cairo yesterday. The Viceroy lodges them in the palace of Ismail Pasha. We visited them before breakfast this morning.

While M. de Lesseps was explaining to Lord Canning the scheme for the Canal, I talked to Mr. Bruce.

Bruce.—The improvement of this country was begun at the wrong end. Mehemet Ali tried to make his subjects soldiers and sailors and cotton-spinners and sugar-makers, instead of improving them morally

* Afterwards Sir Frederick Bruce, brother of the late Lord Elgin. He was Governor of Newfoundland in 1846, Consul-General 1847, Chargé d'Affaires in Bolivia 1848, and in Uruguay 1853, Consul-general in Egypt in 1855. In April 1857 he accompanied Lord Elgin to China, becoming himself Envoy to Pekin in December of the following year. Thence he went to the United States. He was gazetted Envoy to Washington, March 1, 1865, and afterwards appointed to act as Umpire, by a Commission named under the Convocation of 1864, between the United States and the Republic of Columbia, for the adjustment of claims made by American citizens against the Columbian Government. He died at Boston, still as Envoy to the United States, September 18, 1867.—Ed.

and intellectually. He tried to spread a varnish of civilisation over their barbarism.

Senior.—I thought that the improvement on which he was most intent was education.

Bruce.—His success then was not great, and most of the schools which he created have been abolished by Abbas and Said Pashas.

After our interview was over we walked over the public part of the palace. Mrs. Senior saw its hareem when she visited Ismail Pasha's mother and his wives. The rooms are fine; in one of them, on the ground floor, water falls in a cascade from the wall at the upper end, and runs in a stream through the middle of the marble pavement. It puts me in mind of a similar fountain in the Ziza, a Saracenic palace in Palermo. The furniture is heavy and overloaded, in bad French taste. There are no passages; you go from to room. Space is thus saved, and many architectural difficulties are evaded, but it must be very inconvenient.

At one in the afternoon we started for Suez; from thence the Lafosses and ourselves return to Cairo, the rest of the party go on to Pelusium. I intended to accompany them, but I found that my presence would

require seven or eight more camels and another tent, and might in different ways embarrass the Commissioners in their important work, so I shall be satisfied with the experience of desert life which can be acquired in Suez and in its neighbourhood.

We are twenty; we travel to Suez in one carriage-and-six, and four carriages-and-four; and such are the difficulties of desert travelling that we employ more than 400 horses, 170 camels, and 40 asses.

All the phenomena of the desert are occasioned by the absence of rain. It is an undulating plain, rising in the centre to about 600 feet above the sea, intersected by ranges of calcareous hills from 500 to 2000 feet high. The surface is generally hard and pebbly, or argillaceous; sometimes dusty, but not often sandy. As scarcely any rain falls, it can have no water, except what may filter into it from the Nile to the west, or from the Red Sea to the east; and apparently little does filter except within a few miles from the Nile or from the coast. A well was sunk near this place (Station 8) for about 300 feet, and no water found.

It is not absolutely devoid of vegetation; from time to time a stunted cabbage-like weed appears, and in forty miles we have seen three trees or large bushes, all

tamarisks. The air is bracing and exhilarating; a wind constantly blows—at present from the north—which prevents it from being hot even in the day; and in the evening and at night it is cold enough to require a shawl. All distant objects are white, yellow, brown, or black. All near ones are yellow, which reflects, when the sun is high, a disagreeable glare. The road is excellent; the stages are about five miles each, which we generally perform in less than half an hour, never going out of a gallop.

This station-house is a considerable building. It contains seven large sitting-rooms and half-a-dozen bedrooms. Our ruler, M. de Lesseps, always takes particular care of the Lafosses and ourselves as guests, so we have bedrooms. The bulk of the party sleep on sofas in the sitting-rooms. We had an excellent dinner, cooked in water and with fuel which we brought with us from Cairo. After dinner I sat with Lesseps and Mougil Bey in the bright moonlight.

I mentioned Mr. Bruce's remark, that Mehemet Ali had begun the civilisation of Egypt at the wrong end.

Lesseps.—It is true that he attempted to force some improvements for which the country was not ripe. An educated man seeing the enormous superiority of

Europeans may be forgiven for not having estimated accurately the relative importance of the different elements of that superiority. He sought for it too much in material causes—in our manufactures and in our commerce. But it is not true that he ignored, or even neglected, the moral and intellectual sources of our greatness. He founded many hundreds of schools for one factory.

Abbas Pasha hated knowledge and schools, as he hated everything European. He discouraged the schools, and if he had lived Egypt would have relapsed into utter ignorance. Said Pasha has not had time to repair much of the harm done by his predecessor, but is doing so more quickly than was even hoped by those who know how much he has to do, and how few there are to assist him. He has suppressed two schools in Cairo, and for sufficient reasons: one was the Medical School, in which it had become a trade to deliver fraudulent certificates of ill-health, as exemption from military service; he is educating a lot of young medical men, but not in a school. The other was a military school, which Abbas Pasha had turned into a seminary of the most atrocious vice.

Mougil.—That palace, which looks so fine by moon-

light, on the hill a couple of miles from us, is a specimen of Abbas Pasha's wisdom. There is not a drop of water within forty miles of it; there is not a tree within forty miles, except the three tamarisk shrubs which we have passed. The water with which the mortar was tempered was brought from Cairo at the expense of about a piastre a quart; all the materials, every brick, every piece of timber, all the food of the workmen, was carried thither on the backs of camels for forty miles. It is of enormous size, and was sumptuously furnished, but he used it for only a few weeks in a year; and now his family, to whom it belongs, do not think it even worth preserving; every Bedouin who wants a piece of wood goes there to steal it, if taking what is abandoned can be called theft.

Senior.—If Abbas Pasha hated everything that was European, how came he to make the railway?

Mougil.—He made it on compulsion. You insisted on it; you threatened, and you bribed. Louis Philippe supported him in his refusal, and while Louis Philippe reigned nothing was done.

Senior.—Why did Louis Philippe oppose it?

Lesseps.—He opposed it as an English scheme, just as you oppose the Canal as a French scheme; the policy

of the two governments from the time of the restoration was a policy of mutual opposition, and never was more actively pursued by each party than during the *entente cordiale.* France and England thought of nothing but stopping the progress of each other. Your foreign policy, like ours—and ours, like yours—was simple: you instructed your diplomatists always to oppose ours, we instructed ours always to oppose yours. The only real friend of England was Thiers, and him you turned out.

Mougil.—In 1851 Abbas Pasha sent me to Paris, with instructions to offer *carte blanche* to the French government, if it would support him, as Guizot had done, in refusing the railway. I saw Baroche, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. He flatly refused. "We believe," he said, "that the railway will be useful to Egypt, and we are certain that it will be useful to the world. We shall not interpose to stop any means of communication." I brought back this ans[illegible] Abbas Pasha. Then with a very ill grace he [illegible] offers of England, and made a part of the [illegible] he made it as inconveniently as was [illegible] carried it only half-way from Alexandria to Cairo.

Senior.—What was the motive of Abbas [illegible]'s hatred to Europeans?

Mougil.—It was Turkish, and so far blind and unreasoning. But he also had a theory that the Egyptians were led to despise him and his Turks by comparing them with more civilised races.

Senior.—How came he to escape the European education which Mehemet Ali gave to so many of his grandchildren?

Lesseps.—Toussoun Pasha, his father, died young, and his son was brought up in the hareem—when a child has been seven or eight years in the hareem there is nothing to be done with him.

If England is resolved to seize Egypt I can understand her Egyptian policy; she may be wise in weakening a power which she intends to destroy. But if she has not such an intention, and I do not believe she has or that she ever had, I find it difficult to account for her having opposed every government and every measure, except the construction of the railway, which promoted the improvement of the country. The only governments to which she has ever been favourable were destructive governments, that of the Mamelukes and that of Abbas Pasha.

Mougil.—It is unfortunate that Mr. L—— should be the permanent Consul at ——, from whom the

Consuls-General take their first impressions. He is a man of good manners, and a man of talent and information, but he has all the old anti-French prejudices, which were the natural produce of the long struggle between England and France which M. de Lesseps has described; and, as respects the government of Said Pasha, he has complaints of his own. He has lost more than £1000 a year by Said Pasha's accession. Abbas Pasha employed him to remit his tribute of six millions a year to Constantinople, for which he got a commission of one half per cent., or 30,000 francs. Said Pasha has given this job to a friend of his own.

Senior.—Does the present agent get the same commission?

Mougil.—He does. I proposed to the Viceroy to offer the business by tender, by which means he could certainly have got it done more cheaply, but he said that it was a little piece of patronage which he wished to retain. *Du reste*, by depriving L—— of his commission and the *Times* correspondent of his pension, the Viceroy has made two bitter and powerful enemies.

Sunday, December 16. *Suez.*—We were told that we should find the air of the desert cold, and it is true.

The instant that the sun sets it begins to be cool, and grows colder every hour until sunrise. I doubt, however, whether the thermometer fell in my bedroom below 40°. It agrees with us all. Some had no beds, none had very good ones, but we all agreed this morning that it was the first really good night's rest that we had enjoyed since we left Marseilles six weeks ago.

As we approached Suez the prospect became more varied. The Gebel Attákah, a rocky chain 2000 feet high, rises about twelve miles to the west of Suez, and, in this atmosphere and with no intermediate objects, seems to be much lower and to be only three miles off. Beyond it to the south-west is a range of much higher mountains, forming the western shore of the Gulf of Suez. To the east we look across the Gulf to the Arabian desert, bounded by yellow rocky hills about seven or eight miles off over which towers the Sinai chain. South and north the prospect ends only where the horizon sinks to the Red Sea on the south and to the desert on the north.

Suez occupies the end of a peninsula, washed on three sides by the sea. It is surrounded by low walls and towers of the yellow stone of the desert, and contains a picturesque-looking town of large stone houses,

one story high, full of balconies and projecting windows closed by elaborate filagree-work in wood.

Two wells on the Arabian side of the Gulf, one twelve miles off, the other, and better, twenty-five miles off, supply it with drinking-water. It is merely a station on the desert; not a green leaf or an attempt at any kind of cultivation is visible, and the yellow town itself at some distance is scarcely distinguishable from the yellow desert from which it rises.

We are not ill-lodged in the large Transit Hotel, kept by an Englishman, and in fact a dependency on Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. Our bedrooms look over the sea to the east, and therefore we have the sun only while its warmth is agreeable. We have no mosquitos, and the food is admitted to be better than that of the Hotel d'Orient in Cairo. Second-rate French cookery is worse than second-rate English cookery. *Corruptio optimi pessima fit.*

Monday, December 17.—I started this morning at sunrise (seven o'clock) and walked for three hours by the sea-shore. The perfect solitude and perfect silence the instant that I had quitted the town were very striking. Though the sand was covered with footsteps, I did not meet during the whole three hours a single person, nor

did I hear any sound. The sea was glassy, and the tide, which was rising, crept gradually up the nearly level shore without a ripple. I saw no birds except a solitary eagle, and no other moving objects except strings of camels, which, though four or five miles off, looked gigantic. The beach was covered with heaps of delicate shells which, from this constantly calm sea, are landed without a fracture. The sun was unclouded, the wind cool and dry, but very agreeable. The Sinai range looked obscure, with the sun behind it. The Gebel Attákah, which reflected his rays, was black, but clearly defined.

After breakfast we called on the Corps Diplomatique, beginning with M. Costa, the Austrian Consul. He is a fine old man of about seventy, and came to Egypt with Napoleon. His family are Greeks from Damascus. He speaks no French, so that the honours of his house were done by his son, Basiliki Costa, a man of about thirty, one of the richest merchants in Suez. Basiliki introduced us to his wife, and to his sister-in-law; girls, we were told, of eighteen, but looking older. They were splendidly dressed in silks, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls.

Their costume, as Mrs. Senior told me, was that of the

Moorish women in Algiers; it consisted of a scanty petticoat, a short spencer open at the bosom, and a black mantilla. They could not speak English or French, so M. Costa interpreted for us. They felt Mrs. Senior's gown, and admired its texture, and said that they should like to change their heavy silks for something as light. Madame Costa asked about Mrs. Senior's children, and said she had a child two years old (she must have been married therefore at fifteen). Mrs. Senior asked to see it, on which M. Costa said that it was with her mother—that in consequence of the early ages at which marriages take place, the children are always brought up by the grandmothers. They abused Suez, and said that the only place worth living in was Cairo, where there are people and shops.

They were short, with bad ungraceful figures, sallow complexions, fine eyes, and fine profiles, and, as was in fact unavoidable in the seclusion in which they live, had shy awkward manners. From them we went to the English Consul, Mr. West; he has a charming house with a range of large rooms overlooking the sea. He complained that they were low—but they must be fifteen or sixteen feet high. The walls are bare; the mortar with which they build in Suez is tempered with sea-water, and therefore constantly attracts whatever

damp can be found in this dry climate, and there is damp enough to destroy in a few weeks any paper.

They are pleasing people. Mrs. West, too, dislikes Suez, and told me that she counted the days until she could hope to be removed. The climate is charming, but she wants real society; once a fortnight they are invaded by the passengers to and from India, and have to spend an evening or two with strangers, and then they see nobody for ten days. She does not like to walk out, because the inhabitants stare at an unveiled female, and she sometimes does not leave the house for three months. They drink the water of the Ganges, which they get from the steamers from India. We tasted it and found it excellent. That used in Suez, even when taken from the best and most distant well, is bad.

Then we went to look at the house occupied by General Bonaparte when he was in Suez. It contains a couple of rooms overlooking the sea.

Tuesday, December 18.—We crossed the Gulf of Suez this morning to the Arabian shore, and drove about ten miles over the desert to the Fountains of Moses. They are springs of brackish but drinkable water, which rise about three miles from the shore of the Red Sea, on the

road to Mount Sinai. They are supposed to be the fountains of Elim, which the Israelites reached about five days after they crossed the Red Sea. The twelve wells still exist, but of the threescore and ten palm-trees mentioned by Moses only two of considerable age remain; one, a very venerable tree, rising in five large stems from an immense root, and overshadowing a well, is held in great veneration by the natives. Use has been made of the water to create five or six gardens fenced off from the desert by hedges of reeds and belts of tamarisks, and containing small houses, in which, when the Arabian desert was safer than it is now, the aristocracy of Suez used to pass some of the hottest weeks of summer. Our host was M. Basiliki Costa, but we found that his house, which he had not visited for some months, had been entered by the Bedouins, and its walls and divans stripped. We walked over his garden, in which copious irrigation produces vegetables and palm-trees, and an abundance of roses, and breakfasted very gaily in the naked room, of which the Bedouins had left the walls and the frames of the divans. Water had been forgotten, but the streams, though brackish, made tolerable tea, and we had abundance of bitter ale and champagne—things not so good as tea, but respectable substitutes.

If Abbas Pasha had lived a little longer this cottage would have been a royal residence, for a few months before his death he borrowed it of M. Costa, and probably would have made a palace of it. He did erect some buildings, now falling into ruins, for his guards.

Mrs. West spoke of him with great horror.

Mrs. West.—It is supposed that if the palace of Benha, where he most resided, were pulled down, strange discoveries would be made. One of his favourite punishments was to build a man into a wall. As he was constantly altering his palaces there were always masons ready to inflict it.

Senior.—Is there any proof of that?

Mrs. West.—It is currently reported; and I believe it because it is only a counterpart of a story which I know to be true. He had issued an order that no one should smoke in the hareem. He found a slave smoking there, ordered her mouth to be sewed up, and let her thus die of hunger.

The passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites is supposed by some to have taken place at Suez, by others lower down on the Red Sea, opposite to the Valley of Wandering. Linant Bey, after minute

examination of the country, believes that it took place about twenty miles to the north of Suez, below the Lake Timsah.

Linant.—It is clear that the Red Sea at no distant time flowed up the valley, even now little above its level, which extends from Suez to the lake. You may trace its course by the sea-shells which cover the valley and form its banks. The Israelites inhabited the country now called Gessen, the Goshen of the Bible, which is bounded to the east by the Lake Timsah. There are found the ruins of Pithom and Rameses, just to the east of which was Succoth. It appears that Rameses was their point of rendezvous, whence they moved to Succoth, thence to Pi-hahiroth, opposite to Baal-Zephon, and divided from it by the sea. Here they crossed at low water during the night, and were pursued by the Egyptian army, which missed the ford, and was caught by the returning tide. From thence they travelled in three days to Marah, and from Marah to Elim, which is a short two-days' march.

It is clear that they crossed the sea within a very few days after they began their march. On comparing the fifteenth chapter of Exodus and the thirty-third of Numbers, it appears that the passage took place on the night which followed the third day. They were very

numerous; according to Moses 600,000 men, on foot, besides children, and besides a mixed multitude that accompanied them, and flocks and herds. They must have moved, especially at the beginning, very slowly. It is physically impossible that they can have travelled nearly fifty miles of desert in three days, which they must have done if they crossed near Suez. From Rameses to the point where I suppose them to have crossed is about twenty miles, which is quite as far as they could go in their first three days.

Wednesday, December 19.—We had a holiday to-day —that is to say, we made no excursion. The Commissioners were engaged in surveying the harbour. They returned delighted.

Maclean.—Only one such harbour exists in England, that is Milford Haven. We examined the log of the English corvette which lies off Suez, and found that for three years she had not shifted her anchor or lost her communication with the shore. No sea seems to deserve the name of Pacific more than the Gulf of Suez. I am strongly inclined to think that we may make the entrance to our Canal without any lock or long jetty stretching out into the sea, and at one-sixth of the expense mentioned in the prospectus. I fear only that the simple plan of a mere cut through the bar

may appear too easy to my clever engineering colleagues.

Thursday, December 20.—Another holiday. We wandered for hours over the vast level plains that adjoin the town, drinking in the wind of the desert. With this wind, even in the middle of the day, it is not too hot to walk, and I have been writing in a burnous.

Friday, December 21.—The Commissioners started this morning on their march to Pelusium. The Lafosses and ourselves accompanied the caravan to its first resting-place, a few miles from Suez, and breakfasted with it in what is supposed to be the bed of the ancient canal. The ladies went in palanquins suspended between two dromedaries, the men on dromedaries, on asses, and in a carriage. Horses are not taken, as they require too much water. The carriage returned with us.

The banks of the supposed canal are about 220 feet apart, but now only about three feet high. The wind which has been attacking them for many centuries may have blown them into the excavation. They certainly are the work of man; they must have bounded either a road or a canal, and seem too wide for a road.

The north wind was fresh, the sun not hot, but rather glaring when reflected from the yellow earth.

We made the dromedaries lie down, spread our shawls in the shade of their high backs and trappings, and breakfasted in comfort, making our tea with water some of which came from the Nile and some from the Ganges. After breakfast we parted with great regret from the friends with whom we have been living for six weeks, and returned to Suez.

We were out from about ten to two, the time at which the mirage most prevails. We saw it on all sides. Suez looked like an island; the caravan, at the distance of about half a mile from us, seemed to be marching through a lake. We could see distinctly the reflection of the camels in the water. But at this season, and with a north wind, the mirage was comparatively small and indistinct. We did not see the towers and forests which are exhibited by a summer mirage.

On our return we passed, at about a quarter of a mile from Suez, large mounds of brick and pottery, marking the site of a destroyed town. Linant Bey tells me that the place is called by the Arabs Tel Clysma, or Clysma Mound—Tel signifying in this country a mound. He infers that it is the site of the ancient Clysma.

Sunday Morning, December 23. *Desert Station No.* 8. —On this, the shortest day, the sun rose at seven. We have about one-third more *sunlight* than they have in London, and about fifty times more *sunshine.* At eleven he stood high in the heavens, and bathed in red light the Sinai Mountains and the Arabian Desert, which is tossed about much more than the western side of the Isthmus.

No European prospect resembles this. What comes nearest to it is a downy country—Salisbury Plain, for instance—covered with snow and lighted up by a red sunset. All the colours to which we are accustomed —green, blue, purple and black—were absent; all the objects to which we are accustomed—trees, buildings and cultivation—were absent; nothing was to be seen but naked plain, hill and mountain, all white, yellow or red. There were no contrasts; the different colours melted into one another, the white passing into yellow and the yellow into red insensibly.

I have compared the prospect to an illuminated snowy landscape. I know of no better comparison, but in fact there is little real resemblance. The colouring is more varied; red and yellow predominate over white, and what white there is, being reflected from sand, is a yellower white than that of snow. Another peculiarity

is the form of the mountains and hills. The Gebel Attákah presents a varied outline, but to the east two parallel chains—one perhaps 3000 or 4000 feet high, the other 500 or 600—as far as the eye can follow them, rise in precipitous walls from the plains at their feet, and end in table-lands.

This want of variety of outline and of relief, added to the vast extent of the prospect and to the haziness produced by a powerful sun and an unclouded sky, makes the distances indistinct. The whole effect is gorgeous and strange, unlike anything else, and therefore, in fact, incapable of description.

At two we left Suez for Cairo; our companions were M. Battissier, the French Consul at Suez, and a M. Daguié, the French Dragoman de la Chancellerie at Djedda.

M. Battissier had procured for me some Mocha coffee at Suez; when I wished to pay for it, he referred me to M. Costa, who was the actual vendor. I begged M. Costa to tell me what the price was, and to receive it; but he said that I must settle with M. Battissier. When we had left Suez I reported this to M. Battissier. "Ah!" he said, "this is Arab politeness. Costa would have been delighted to have his money, but he thought himself bound to put you off. In strictness he

ought to have begged you to take the coffee as a gift, it being well understood that you would insist on paying for it. Do you recollect the dealing between Abraham and Ephron the Hittite for the field and cave of Machpelah? how Abraham offers to buy it, and Ephron to give it? The habits of this country are now what they were 4000 years ago."

About a mile before we reached this station we passed a defile where the road runs between some low hills.

"At the beginning of Mehemet Ali's reign," said Battissier, "the only communication between Cairo and Suez was by caravans of about 3000 or 4000 men, which travelled twice a year. It was a dangerous journey. Several caravans have been attacked, and many men have been killed at this spot, where the hills afford shelter for an ambush. The Bedouins used to cross from Arabia and Idumea, perhaps from a distance of 500 miles, which good dromedaries will travel in five or six days. Now no one even thinks of an escort."

A strong proof of the security of the road was given while we were talking. A file of about 100 camels met us, laden with silver, on its way from Cairo to Suez, with only two Tchaouses as guards.

I was roused in the night by an animated conversa-

tion under my window between a hyæna and a couple of dogs belonging to the station. The hyæna's cry, between a bark, a laugh, and a scream, is frightful. My servant Chivers, who looked out, described the hyæna as black, and much larger than the dogs, which appeared to dread it. I believe I saw it as I was walking before the station-house, in the moonlight, at about ten at night. It crept stealthily towards the enclosure, and I took it for a very large black dog.

On the whole I enjoyed our week in the desert. The scenery was beautiful and peculiar, the air delicious, the perfect solitude the instant you leave the town was charming after the dirty, half-savage crowds which jostle you in Cairo and Alexandria. The evenings were rather chilly, but that was cured by sitting in an abbeyah (a comfortable camel's-hair cloak which M. de Lesseps gave me), and was more than compensated by the delightful coolness of the nights. From seven in the morning till eleven, the time at which I used to take my walk, the climate was perfect.

CAIRO.

Monday, December 24, 1855.—We reached Cairo yesterday evening.

Every week seems to lower the temperature. When we arrived on November 22 it was disagreeably hot, too hot to sleep under more than a sheet. When we returned from Upper Egypt on December 12 it was cooler, but too hot to walk without an umbrella. To-day, the 24th, we find Cairo cool. The mosquitos have diminished. I sleep under a couple of shawls, put on my abbeyah in the evening, and walk in the sun without attending to it.

I attempted this morning to take a country walk in one or two different directions to the north of Cairo, but found every road, except those of Boolak and to Shoobra, degenerate into a dirty dusty path, winding among hills of rubbish tenanted by large yellow masterless dogs.* The dogs, of which there must be thousands, are serious nuisances. In the day-time,

* I afterwards found many charming walks near Cairo. N. W. S.

and in the Frank quarter, they are quiet, but at night they attack solitary passengers, and in the day, in the quarters unfrequented by Europeans, they exhibit great dislike of persons in a Frank dress. To-day half-a-dozen rushed at me as I was crossing from one gate of the town to another, through a low neighbourhood, and if any one of them had actually assailed me, probably the others, with the instinct of dogs to hunt in packs, would have done so too, and my large stick might have been an insufficient defence.

Canine and human civilisation appear to go together. In these semi-barbarous countries the dog is rude and unsocial. The expression of his countenance is sullen, suspicious, and malignant. He generally crouches on a heap of rubbish alone, and when two are together they never play. He watches opposite to the shops in which food is sold for opportunities to steal, but never solicits it by entreaties or by caresses. He shows no kindness, and seems to expect none.

The dog is perhaps the only quadruped that does not instinctively fear man. In civilised countries his affectionateness supplies the place of fear. He lives among mankind as a friend. But the uncivilised dog, restrained neither by fear nor by love, lives among us

as an enemy. I said to Stephan Bey that if I were Governor of Cairo I would rid the town of these pests by offering a piastre for every dog's head.

"That," he answered, "could not be done. It would shock the religious prejudices of the people. A Mussulman holds it unlawful to destroy life except for the purposes of food or of self-defence."

Hence it is that every Mussulman town is infested by masterless dogs. I am told that they abound still more in Constantinople than in Cairo.

The more I see of Cairo the more I am inclined to hate all its living inhabitants except my own friends and acquaintances. I hate the shopkeepers, with whom every transaction is a negotiation in which you lose your time or your money; I hate the half-naked one-eyed men, and the black or white veiled female spectres that jostle and dirty you in the muddy passages called streets; I hate the children covered with flies, the ungainly complaining camels, the stumbling donkeys, the teasing donkey-boys, the importunate beggars, the dogs, the flies, the mosquitos, and the fleas. In short, I hate everything in or about Cairo except the climate, the Nile, the desert, the scenery, the Citadel, and the Pyramids.

Christmas Day.—A lofty square room in the Copt quarter is fitted up as a chapel, in which Mr. Lieder, deputed by the Church Missionary Society, officiates. Our congregation consisted of about forty persons, of whom only five or six seemed to be natives. After our return from church, Stephan Bey paid us a visit of a couple of hours. About a month ago—on the day, in fact, on which we breakfasted with the Pasha, Edhem Pasha, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was appointed Governor of Cairo, and Stephan Bey succeeded him as Minister. He was one of the five or six young Armenians whom Mehemet Ali brought to Egypt forty years ago, and sent to Paris for education. Four of them, Hekekyan Bey, Kosrew Bey, Artim Bey, and Stephan Bey, are still living, and they have all held important offices. He is an intelligent, gentlemanlike man, and married five years ago a second wife, an agreeable Parisian; we visited her yesterday. She complained that since her husband had been Minister she never could see him. He would not admit, however, that he was very busy.

Stephan.—When I was the Minister of Abbas Pasha I was fully occupied. He did not like the contact of Europeans, and I was the channel of communication

between him and the consuls. But Said Pasha, speaking English and French, and liking the society of foreigners, sees the consuls, and in fact manages himself the greater part of his diplomacy. Then the contact between the French and English has abated. It was in fact a struggle, not for real national objects, but for personal influence.

Senior.—Is it true that the French in Egypt opposed the railway, and that Abbas Pasha would have refused it if the Parisian authorities would have supported him in his contest with the Sultan?

Stephan.—*Il y a du vrai.* The Tanzimat, or edict of reform proposed to be enacted by the Sultan for the whole Ottoman Empire, contained clauses unsuited to the quasi-independent position of the Viceroy. They would have reduced him to be a mere governor.

Abbas Pasha certainly sounded Louis Napoleon and his ministers as to their willingness to assist him in obtaining modifications of the Tanzimat, and offered to refuse the railway. They answered that they believed the railway to be a useful undertaking, and that they would not interfere against it. Then he applied to Lord Stratford, and offered on the same terms to make the railway. Lord Stratford accepted, and both things

were done. But the French Consul was kept in ignorance of what was going on, and chose to consider himself ill-treated.

Senior.—Is the question of slavery treated in the Tanzimat?

Stephan.—No. The abolition of slavery in Egypt was the act of Said Pasha alone. I doubt whether any of his ministers would have ventured to propose it to him. Slavery is in some measure interwoven with Mahometanism. The attempt to extirpate it is producing much discontent, and, if it succeeds, must occasion great changes in the habits of the higher classes. According to the Koran, as usually interpreted, a man sins who sees the face of any woman except his wife, his daughter, and his slaves. Again, he can have only four wives, and he sins if he intrigues with any free woman, but he may have as many concubines as he pleases, provided they be slaves. All the servants, therefore, in the hareem are slaves; if they were free, they would have to veil or to hide themselves when the husband entered. The rich, again, have seldom more than one wife, but they buy all the handsome slaves that they hear of, and, as the status of the mother does not affect the legitimacy of the child, they obtain thus

what they delight in, very large families. A friend, of mine, Ahmed Tahir Pasha, the Governor of Middle Egypt, had 280 children, perhaps by 280 mothers.

Said Pasha began by prohibiting after a certain day the introduction of slaves by any frontier. Large caravans used to reach Sioot every year from Darfoor. The interruption of this profitable trade was very unpopular, and occasioned a considerable loss to the revenue. About three months ago he issued an edict prohibiting also internal slave-dealing, and compelling every master to enfranchise every slave who asks for his freedom. No one, therefore, now can buy a slave, and no one can retain one against his will. This, as I said before, must occasion a revolution in our domestic habits.

Senior.—Do you mean to say that if a Mussulman were to enter this room, and find Mrs. Senior unveiled, it would be his duty immediately to run out of it?

Stephan.—Certainly. Every instant that he remained he would commit a sin.

Senior.—Solyman Pasha told me that the Koran required every woman to show five parts of her person, her hands, her feet, and her face.

Stephan.—Solyman Pasha has not the zeal or the

knowledge of an apostate. He is a merely nominal Mussulman; the truth is that, of the four orthodox sects into which Mussulmans are divided, only one holds the tenet which *you* mention, the three others hold the doctrine which *I* have mentioned, namely, that except in the cases of husband and wife, father and daughter, and master and slave, the woman sins who shows her face to a man, and the man sins who looks at the face of a woman.

Senior.—I suppose that the women whom I see with unveiled faces are Copts?

Stephan.—No, they are Shufe-ees, who are numerous in Cairo. Copts, who are few, and were oppressed, are afraid to go uncovered, and have taken the veil.

Mrs. Senior.—But when Ali Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, dined with us in London, he was not scandalised by our naked faces. Nay, he gave a ball to 500 naked faces.

Stephan.—There is much more scepticism at Constantinople than there is in Egpyt. Excepting the Shufe-ees, I do not believe that you would find 150 educated Cairenes who would go without scruples to a ball of Europeans. Such prejudices are not to be opposed with impunity. If the Sultan, however,

were a man of sense, perhaps he might gradually weaken many of them. As the opinions held by all these four sects, however dissimilar, are admitted by the whole Mussulman world to be free from sinful error, a mode of enabling the Mussulmans to conform, as far as it is possible, to European usages, would be to extract from all the approved doctrines of these sects those which are most convenient, and to propose them for general adoption. But this could be done only by the Sultan and the Ulemas of Constantinople.

Senior.—Said Pasha's edict was an act of self-sacrifice. He can no longer replenish his hareem.

Stephan.—He does not care much for women. The neglect with which he treats his charming wife, Indji Hanem, is a proof of it.

Mrs. Senior.—I was struck by the melancholy expression of her countenance, and I attributed it to her regret at having no children.

Stephan.—The information which I receive from my female friends who visit her leads me to attribute her melancholy to her consciousness of her husband's indifference.

She was imposed on him by Nasli Hanem and Mehemet Ali. Nasli was Mehemet's favourite child,

born when he was contending with adversity and dangers, and shared many of his perils. She had great influence over him, and, indeed, over the whole family. She bought Indji at five or six years old, educated her as a daughter, and when she became marriageable proposed to Mehemet Ali to marry her to Said. Mehemet consented—Said probably was scarcely consulted—and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp. But he has never cared for her.

Senior.—How many of the 280 children of your friend Ahmed Tahir Pasha survived him?

Stephan.—Six; forty died of the plague in 1835, twenty-eight died of plague in another year. The loss of infant life among our upper classes used to be horrible; when the Mamelukes, who so long ruled the country, were driven out by the French, there were only two Mameluke families subsisting. Mehemet Ali's improvements, his drainings and his plantings, have had a marked effect on the climate of Cairo and of the Delta; we now can rear our children. As for Upper Egypt, that was always healthy. *Du reste*, perhaps our infant mortality depends on other causes than climate or soil. I have known a girl married at nine, and to a man of twenty-five.

Mrs. Senior.—I remember seeing in the Island of Elephantine a girl of eleven years old with a child astride on her shoulders. One of our party asked her whose child it was; she answered "mine."

Stephan.—Giving the children in charge of their grandmothers, is a palliative; but nothing can fully replace the care of a mother; and how can we expect one child to take care of another?

On leaving us he put on a fur cloak.

Stephan.—This cool temperature is, I dare say, agreeable to you. To our feelings it is chilly and unpleasant. It gives us all colds, coughs or rheumatism. The heats of summer, though painful, are healthy. Cairo is never so free from disease as in the hottest weather—winter is our unhealthy season, as it is in Europe.

Thursday, December 27.—We drove to Shoobra, the favourite residence of Mehemet Ali, and walked over the garden which he created on the banks of the Nile. It is now the property of his son, Halim Pasha.

This is the first specimen that I have seen of real oriental splendour. The garden contains about twenty acres, filled with olives, stone-pines, palms, oranges,

lemons, geraniums, rose-trees, and a profusion of flowering shrubs. There is no turf—the climate forbids it; the little variety of surface is artificial, and the walks are all straight, radiating from centres in which creepers have been trained over wooden frameworks so as to form large and lofty green tents.

In the middle of the garden is a lake, a square of about three hundred feet on every side, surrounded by a broad loggia or cloister of white marble with arcades towards the lake, and gilt lattice-work windows towards the garden; the ceiling and walls are covered with arabesques and landscapes, apparently by Italian artists, in fresco; at each corner is a kiosk or summer-house of marble, projected into the lake; behind which, towards the garden, there are rooms richly furnished, and in the middle of the lake a fountain plays. Even by daylight the whole effect was grand and beautiful; by moonlight or by torchlight it must be fairy-like.

Accustomed as we are now to the prodigal vegetation of Egypt, we were astonished by its luxuriance here. The orange and lemon-trees were bending under their fruit; the rose-trees and geraniums were large shrubs. And yet the garden is said to be unfavourably situated; it

is little above the level of a high Nile, and during the inundation the water filters into it in far too great abundance. Halim Pasha is raising the level of a part of it at great expense.

In the evening we went to a party at Madame Stephan's. It consisted of eight or nine ladies, the Lafosses, and ourselves, and nine or ten men who did nothing but play at cards or look on at the players. We were there at about nine, and went away at half-past ten, which was rather complained of. The rest of the party stayed till half-past twelve, the men playing or looking on, the women talking or yawning apart. I am told that this was a favourable specimen of the evening society at Cairo.

Friday, December 28.—We drove to the convent of Kadreeyeh Dervishes at old Cairo. We passed through an outer court, a spacious antechamber with a fountain for the preparatory ablutions, and reached a large square hall with lofty dome. About forty men, mostly wearing the conical felt hat peculiar to the Dervishes, but some in ordinary Egyptian dress, formed a circle. Within this circle were four persons: one of them repeated slowly something in Arabic, which I believe

was a part of the Koran ; another, an exceedingly handsome man, took the lead in making short responses, in which the circle joined. The two others, holding their heads on one side, and extending their arms, one hand opened to the sky, the other to the earth, whirled rapidly round, their long wide dresses spreading out like the petticoats of an opera-dancer. In about ten minutes the reading ceased, and the man who had led the responses, and apparently was the chief priest, walked slowly round and round the circle, bowing to the persons opposite to him. His bows were very dignified and graceful, and at each of them the whole circle bowed, and shouted in unison a word which sounded to me like "Allah." The whirlers, after spinning for about twenty minutes, stopped, and were succeeded by two others, who also whirled for twenty minutes, when the first two took their places and began again to spin. In the meantime the bowing and shouting went on with constantly increasing vehemence. The performers flung down their turbans and caps and displayed immense manes of hair, dyed I fancy with henna, which, as their heads sank to their knees, fell over their faces. They were all at the beginning warmly clad, this being considered very cold weather ; but they

threw off covering after covering, and at last wore little but shirts, waistcoats and trousers. The bows became deeper and deeper and more and more rapid, the shouts became inarticulate from fatigue and want of breath, and degenerated into something like a howl. Drums and tambourines which hung on the wall were taken down and beaten violently, but with scarcely any tune; the spinners whirled like teetotums; when suddenly, at a sign of the chief priest, the performance closed, the whirlers and bowers, who, a minute before, seemed inspired or possessed, ran to collect their clothes and to shuffle on their slippers, and the chief priest came and bowed as gracefully as before, though not quite so low, to ask us for backsheesh.

Saturday, December 29.—We found everything dirty and bad at the Hôtel d'Orient, and remained there only because the Lafosses did so. They leave Cairo to-morrow morning, and we have therefore removed to Shepherd's Hotel, where we have good apartments looking east and south. It has become so cold that in the mornings and evenings we wish for sun. When we asked at the Hotel d'Orient for our bill we were answered that there was none, that the Viceroy paid

for everything, and had forbidden the hotel-keeper to accept anything from us. So that we have been his guests for a week longer than we were aware of. He has been a most liberal host. All that money could purchase he has supplied without stint; but comfort was not purchaseable in the Hôtel d'Orient.

To our great regret, the Lafosses took leave of us this morning. We drove through the Bab en Nasr, or Gate of Victory, to the burial-ground on the east of the city. On this side the desert begins as you pass through the gate. We felt instantly its dry exhilarating air. The tombs erected by the Ayoobite Sultans, a dynasty founded by the great Saladin, are here. The finest of them is that of Sultan Berkook. The ancient Egyptian builders selected carefully the best stone which the rocky sides of their valley afforded, and their buildings and their sculptures are imperishable. The Mussulmans are careless in the choice of their materials, and their works suffer more in a century than those of the Pharaohs do in thousands of years. Sultan Berkook's tomb *was* a very fine building. It is a broad oblong, with two lofty minarets at the entrance and two domes at the further end. The buildings between were a mosque, a school with an arcaded court, and in the centre a fountain

supplied by very large cisterns. The long northern wall is broken by a terrace projected from it at right angles on the first floor, like the terraces of Genoa, supporting an open loggia. The outer walls end in deep concave cornices, with arabesque fretwork. They are painted red and white, as is much of the exterior, and in many places precious marbles are inlaid. But all is tumbling to ruin: the cisterns are dried up, the minarets are crumbling away, half the cornice has fallen; in a hundred years more it will be a shapeless ruin, and in five hundred it will be undistinguishable from the heaps of rubbish, the remains of ancient magnificence, by which it is surrounded. The domes and minarets of many other tombs, once of nearly equal grandeur, stand around in about the same state of decay. Between them and the town is a large cemetery, and these tombs serve as the abodes of the washers of the dead, an hereditary profession.

Sunday, December 30.—Some movement of troops is going on, and to-day ten regiments passed through the town. They had left the Barrage, about twelve miles off, early this morning, and were probably fatigued by their march. Their knapsacks—square and stiff, like

ours—great-coats, water-bottles, and cartouche-boxes, and their long heavy muskets, must together be a considerable load. They marched slouchingly and awkwardly, and looked very different from the smart troops that defiled before us at the Barrage. Most of them were young and short; a negro regiment consisted of taller and older men. The peculiarities of the negro countenance, particularly the projecting jaw, and round receding forehead, were very striking, and very disagreeable when repeated a thousand times over.

In the afternoon we drove to Little Shoobra, another of Mehemet Ali's palaces, also on the bank of the Nile; it now belongs to his daughter, Nasli Hanem. The garden is pretty and well kept; the house is falling to ruin.

The peculiar law of succession in Turkish royal families, under which a son is seldom the immediate successor of his father, creates a profusion of palaces. All those a Viceroy builds are his private property, and on his death are divided among his children. The next Viceroy, having no official residence, has to build immediately on his accession. Building is eminently a royal taste. Abbas Pasha must have built at the rate of a couple of palaces during every year of his reign.

Most of them within a few years will be in the ruinous state which is the condition of almost all Mehemet Ali's.

Mr. Walne paid us a long visit; he has known the country for about twenty years, and thinks it now less secure than it has been during his recollection.

Walne.—During the reign of Mehemet Ali and of Abbas Pasha it was adminstered by ministers under the general superintendence of the Viceroy. They were allowed considerable discretion, and were supported by the Viceroy. Said Pasha attempts to be not only his own Prime Minister, but his own minister in every department. He is Minister of War, of Finance, and of Foreign Affairs—those who nominally fill those offices are mere clerks; and as to the Interior, there is not even a nominal minister. The office of Kiaya Bey (Minister of the Interior) is unfilled—the Viceroy has assumed its functions. If he was able and willing to work fourteen hours a day he might be able to perform, though very ill, all the different duties which he has undertaken. But he does not work two hours a day; he does not work one hour—scarcely anything therefore is done—the mudeers or governors are almost independent.

He is suspicious, and listens readily to complaints. In the time of Abbas Pasha the influence of Hassan Pasha,

the Governor of Cairo, was felt throughout the town—indeed, throughout the province, for it was well known that his orders would be enforced by the Viceroy. I do not believe that Edhem Pasha, the present Governor, exercises any real authority beyond the walls of the Citadel; there is always an appeal from him to the Viceroy, and the Viceroy is glad to show his cleverness and his independence by interfering with the administration of his own servants. He has relaxed very dangerously the discipline of the army. He is always ready to listen to complaints of the men against their officers. I have known cases in which the officers have had to implore or even to bribe their men not to complain. The soldiers refuse to obey, and the officers are afraid to punish them.

If anything were to happen to him the army would disband. The worst—for instance, that negro regiment—would take to plunder. They might seize on a quarter of Cairo; the rest would return to their homes.

Senior.—I have heard rumours that Said Pasha has mismanaged matters with respect to the Bedouins, pray tell me if there is any foundation for them.

Walne.—The Bedouins of Upper Egypt are tribes, perhaps twenty in number, who dwell like a fringe on

the Lybian side of Upper Egypt. They are shepherds, and live in tents just within the desert, but use for the purpose of watering their flocks the skirt of the cultivated land, which no one but themselves could turn to account. Under Mehemet Ali they were exempted from taxation and from service in the regular army, but furnished to him a useful body of irregular cavalry. Towards the latter part of Abbas' life he fancied—with what amount of truth I will not affirm—that Said was plotting against him, and was collecting a force in the Delta to attack him. He brought down several of these tribes to the lower country to keep down Said and his followers. Said in this instance, as in many others, reversed his father's policy. He treated the Bedouins harshly; he taxed their lands and required them to furnish men to his Nizam or regular army. They were not very willing taxpayers; and as to the Nizam, they said that they were irregulars, that they would furnish him with excellent irregular cavalry—30,000 if he liked—but that they could not submit to discipline and to duty.

He persisted in his demands and they in their refusal, and there was fighting along the western bank of Upper Egypt in August, September, and October. The

Bedouins had the worst of it; they were driven into the desert, and submitted for want of water. Said Pasha used his victory ungenerously, and therefore unwisely. He put to death 70 or 80 of their Sheykhs, and sent down 1500 or 1600 to the Barrage to work in chains. They were there when you breakfasted with him, but were kept out of sight. They were all bundled into three or four large buildings, and locked up there until your steamer was on its return. The truth is that Said Pasha is rash and flighty and conceited, and is spoilt by the flattery of the foreigners who surround him. They tell him, and he believes them, that he is a universal genius. He undoes everything, does very little, and, I fear, is preparing for us some great catastrophe.

Monday, December 31.—We called this morning on M. Bonfort. His mother was the intimate friend of Nasli Hanem, and he was much in the confidence of Mehemet Ali, and still more in that of Ibrahim Pasha, whose extensive property he managed. He spoke highly of Ibrahim, not only as a soldier, but as an administrator.

Bonfort.—Mehemet Ali always prophesied that he would survive his son. Ibrahim was equally certain that he should govern Egypt. Both prophecies were

fulfilled. When Mehemet Ali, a year and a-half before his death, became insane, Ibrahim, as he was entitled to do, assumed the viceroyalty. It was in summer; he exposed himself to the sun, and to cool himself poured a couple of bottles of iced champagne into a goblet and drank it off. This produced an attack of pleurisy. He recovered, however, sufficiently to go to Constantinople, to receive his investiture. But the journey produced a fresh attack; spitting of blood followed, and he died soon after his return to Egypt, after a reign of sixty-two days.

I asked M. Bonfort if he could give any precise information as to the obscure questions, the revenue and population of Egypt.

Bonfort.—I think that I can. The revenue is at present 60 milllions of francs, thus made up: the Land Tax is 35 millions, to which must be added 6 millions more which is annually received as payment by instalments of past arrears; this must be considered as a permanent payment, as a fresh arrear is always accumulating; the duty on date-trees, the excise on bread, vegetables, fish, meat, and other provisions, and the Custom House of Alexandria, produce altogether 19

millions more, making, as I said before, 60 millions in all.

As for the population, the official return, on Mehemet Ali's enumeration, of four millions and a-half was under the real number; I was employed to verify it. I surrounded in the night several villages with troops, made all the inhabitants come out, counted them, compared their names with those in the return, and invariably found them more numerous.

Senior.—I am told that that return was swelled by vague estimates of the inhabitants of Senhoor and Kordofan.

Bonfort.—That is not true; the return was confined to Egypt—that is to say, to the country north of Philæ. Vaccination and the absence of plague have since so much diminished the mortality that I have no doubt that the present population exceeds five millions.

Madame Bonfort was out, but her youngest child, about a year and a-half old was brought in in the arms of its nurse, a girl of fourteen.

Bonfort.—I took that girl into my house, on the birth of my child, as a widow. Her husband was a soldier and had sailed with the Turkish Contingent to

Constantinople, leaving her the mother of an infant, and was supposed to be dead. When she came into my family her infant was left with her aunt, and died. A few months ago her husband returned, found his child dead and his wife in my service, and came to my house in great wrath to claim her. She was exceedingly frightened, clung to me for protection, and implored to be allowed to remain with us. The husband said he could not do without a wife, that she had cost him in dower and clothes four guineas and a-half, and that he must have her back.

"She has cost you," I said "four guineas and a-half. If I give you five guineas will you divorce her?"

"With the utmost pleasure," he answered. So I sent for witnesses, he repeated in their presence the formal words, "I divorce thee once, I divorce thee twice, I divorce thee thrice," and she has remained with me ever since. But she is still so young that I am forced to keep a woman to look after her.

Senior.—If she was a mother two years ago, when was she married?

Bonfort.—When she was between ten and eleven. That is a common age; my wife married late—she was fifteen.

Senior.—I suppose that women so prematurely adult enjoy a shorter life than the natives of cold climates, who come to maturity much later.

Bonfort.—I do not think so: the Egyptians, female as well as male, seem to me to live as long as Europeans. A girl who begins to bear children at twelve or thirteen often ceases to do so before she is twenty, and then lives to old age.

We went over his house and garden. The house is good and well-furnished—the rooms, as is generally the case in Cairo, spacious and lofty. The garden, like most of the Cairene gardens, is principally an orchard of oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, but contains also a long and broad vine-trellis overlooking the Nile, and ending in a very pretty summer-house.

Bonfort.—All this was a present from Mehemet Ali. A portion of the garden is inundated every year, not by actual overflow, for it is far above the level of the highest Nile, but by filtration. This portion is less productive than that which, being higher, imbibes less water.

I am struck at finding even in Egypt excess of water frequently complained of.

The subsoil of the Delta is impregnated with salt, deposited probably while it was covered by the sea; in a high Nile the water sometimes penetrates to this subsoil, the saline particles are drawn up to the surface, and the fertility of the land is ruined for years.

At each end of the vine-trellis was a large weeping willow.

Bonfort.—These trees were planted twigs three years ago; so rapid is the progress of vegetation when the river and the sun act together.

Tuesday, January 1, 1856.—Francis Gisborne* drank tea with us. He is here on a mission from the Eastern Telegraph Company.

In April last that company obtained from the Porte a Firman authorising them to construct and maintain a submarine telegraphic line from the Dardanelles to Alexandria, having stations at Scio and Rhodes, with a clause by which the Porte covenanted not to allow, during fifty years, any other persons to construct a line from any other part of the Ottoman dominions to Egypt.

The plans of the company, however, extend much

* Mr. Gisborne (of Dovedale) died about five years ago.—Ed.

farther. They intend their line to cross Egypt, pass down the Red Sea, run along the southern coast of Arabia, cross the Persian Gulf, and reach the coast of India at Kurrachee, where it will meet the telegraphic line to Bombay. They also wish to expunge from the Turkish firman the words "from any other part of the Ottoman dominions," so as to make their monopoly perfect, and exclude all rivals from Egypt.

Early in September they sent Gisborne to Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining from the Porte: first, this alteration in the original firman; secondly, a firman conceding to the company the privilege of constructing and managing a further line from Alexandria to Kurrachee; and, thirdly, a letter from the Porte to the Viceroy of Egypt authorising him to concede to the company the proposed privileges, so far as they affect the territory within his jurisdiction.

He was instructed to ask that these lines should be independent lines—that is to say, that the company should build the stations, place the posts, attach the wires, appoint, pay, and dismiss the clerks—in short, should have the full property and entire management of the lines; and further, that the company should have a monopoly in them—that is to say, that no persons or

government (except the Egyptain Government for merely local purposes) should have a right to construct a rival line.

If he succeeded at Constantinople he was to proceed to Egypt, and obtain from the Viceroy a firman with similar powers and privileges for those parts of the lines which are within his jurisdiction—that is to say, from Alexandria to the frontier of Abyssinia. The relations between Constantinople and Egypt are such that every transaction of this kind in Egypt is supposed to require a double firman : one from the Porte as suzerain, the other from the Viceroy as local administrator.

Gisborne failed in his first object.

The Turks, indeed, who delight in monopolies—so much so that we have been forced to bind them by treaty to create none against ourselves—would have been happy to grant us one which they could have quoted against us as a precedent.

But the English Government did not wish to see the company armed with an exclusive privilege which did not appear to be absolutely necessary to their success, and which would have enabled them to fix the route by which Indian messages should reach England.

In his second object he succeeded partially: he

obtained a promise of a firman for the line from Alexandria to Kurrachee.

In his third object he also gained a partial success. He obtained a letter from the Vizier to the Viceroy authorising him to discuss the matter with Mr. Gisborne, and to communicate to the Porte the results of that discussion. But his demands that the lines from Alexandria to Kurrachee should be independent lines, and that they should be protected by exclusive privileges, met with considerable opposition, and the result seems to be an understanding with the actual Prime Minister, Fuad Pasha, that if these stipulations are acceded to by the Viceroy they will be confirmed by the Porte. Under such circumstances he left Constantinople in December, and is now in Cairo in order to prosecute his negotiations with the Viceroy. Mr. Bruce, however, our Consul-General, is with Lord Canning in Upper Egypt, and until his return, which may be expected in a few days, Gisborne takes no steps.

For the purpose not only of sending messages, but also of working his railway, the Viceroy has himself constructed a telegraphic line from Alexandria to Cairo, and will carry it on to Suez.

Some months ago, when the subject was first

mentioned to him, he expressed a fear that the company's line would make his own line less profitable, and asked for compensation. This was met by a proposal from the company to pay over to him, in addition to a toll on all the Indian messages, also the whole profit of the local messages. Under such circumstances no opposition on his part was anticipated.

It seems, however, that an opposition has sprung up. It is attributed by the English to the influence of the French party, just as the French attribute the opposition in Constantinople to the Canal to the English party. Such is, according to the French and according to the English, the cause of everything that they respectively dislike.

Senior.—As between the two privileges for which you ask, the independence of the line and the monopoly, to which do you attach the greater importance?

Gisborne.—To the independence; without that the political utility of the line is gone. If our messages are to be stopped at Alexandria and stopped at Suez, and forwarded by a clerk appointed by the Egyptian Government, how can their secrecy be preserved? Cyphers are slow and troublesome; and it is said that every cypher is discoverable. While they were puzzling

over a cyphered message they might detain it—perhaps not forward it at all. Besides their want of faith we should be exposed to their negligence and to their incapacity. Then the Turks, as you must have seen, keep up nothing; if a wire should break, if a post should fall, weeks may elapse before they repair it. Our communication, if it depended on them, might be interrupted for an indefinite time, and perhaps at a critical moment.

Senior.—As respects the want of secrecy, does not this inconvenience meet us as soon as our messages reach the Continent of Europe?

Gisborne.—Of course it does; but on the Continent there is competition. If we are ill-treated on one route we can take to another, and the knowledge that we can do so prevents our being ill-treated. On the Indian line there will be no such competition. For there, in the present state of Asia Minor and Central Asia, no route except by way of Egypt can be used.

Besides this, I believe that in a very few years we shall lay down a cable, not only from Alexandria to Malta, which is already decided on, but from Malta to Gibraltar, and thence to England, so that the whole communication between India and England, with the

exception of the short interval between Suez and Alexandria, will be submarine. Want of control over that interval might damage the whole.

Though I consider the independence of our line as more important than its monoply I do not undervalue the monopoly. I am not afraid of fair commercial competition. With our skill and our capital we are a match for it. But the telegraphs of the Continent are not managed on commercial principles. They are government undertakings, established and maintained for political purposes quite as much as for profit. A French line, starting at Toulon and terminating at Rhodes, is already planned, and the company formed. From Rhodes it can easily pass, as ours will do, to Alexandria, and the temptation to the French Government to command the communication with India is such that it will readily sacrifice the sum—not a large one—necessary to undersell us and drive us out of the field. So strongly is this danger felt by commercial men that four of our directors withdrew from the company as soon as they found that we were not to have a complete monopoly as respects lines reaching Egypt. If we are not to have a monopoly as respects lines traversing Egypt I doubt whether our company

can succeed, in the only way in which companies expect to succeed, as a commercial speculation. The English Government or the East India Company may indeed adopt the measures which I expect to see adopted by the French Government—they may, either by a large annual subsidy, or by paying highly for public messages, enable us to transmit private messages at a loss; but in that case the whole character of the undertaking is altered.

Senior.—If you obtain your monopoly, do you expect to derive your profit principally from public or from private messages?

Gisborne.—From private ones. The commercial merits of long telegraphic lines have yet scarcely been tried. For distances of three or four hundred miles the telegraph is only a few hours faster than the post—no one writes by telegraph from London to Glasgow, unless it be to give or receive information that cannot wait for a single night. But the telegraph from Calcutta will beat the post by a month. I believe that the telegraphic intercourse between India and England will be enormous, perhaps much greater than the present postal intercourse. To write by the post will then be the exception—not that fewer letters will be

written, but that there will be perhaps five or six messages to one letter; a correspondence by return of telegraph will take at the utmost two days—that by return of post cannot be made shorter than two months.

Senior.—And will one line be sufficient?

Gisborne.—One line will be sufficient, if the wires and the clerks are sufficiently multiplied. Four clerks to a wire are enough. We now propose to have two wires in Egypt and eight clerks: four at Alexandria and four at Suez. Why should we not have ten wires and forty clerks?

Senior.—Well, you have shown that monopoly would be best for the company, but I am not sure that competition, even at the expense of a considerably greater expenditure on the part of the East India Company and of the British Government, would not be best for the public. It would probably so drive down the price of messages as to occasion a development of Indian correspondence which would not be even approached under the high prices of monopoly.

Wednesday, January 2.—I called on Koenig Bey. We talked over the telegraph question.

Koenig.—The Viceroy is ready to give to the company the use of his telegraph: why should they make a new one?

Senior.—Their wish is to preserve the secrecy of political messages, which would be endangered if they were communicated to any clerks not their own.

Koenig.—Well then, let them appoint their own clerks, let them, if it be necessary, affix their own wires to our posts. The Viceroy wants only two wires for himself, all the rest of the post is at their service.

Senior.—I fear that this matter and that of the Canal have been too much the battlefields for the contests between French and English parties.

Koenig.—I do not believe that either party has much influence over the Viceroy. His policy as well as his feelings are purely Egyptian.

Senior.—Are they purely Egyptian? Are they not partly Turkish?

Koenig.—He respects the Sultan as the head of his religion, and as the chief of the great Ottoman tribe from which he himself is descended; but the object of his affection—the country whose welfare he prefers to that of any other—is Egypt. He differs in that respect from Mehemet Ali, who, born and educated as a

Turk, looked on the Egyptians as foreigners whom Providence had sent him to govern; but who were aliens to him in blood, in language, and in habits. Said Pasha, little acquainted with Turkey, and born and bred among the Egyptians, loves them as his countrymen.

Thursday, January 3.—Gisborne drank tea with us. I reported to him Koenig Bey's remarks.

Gisborne.—If I cannot do better, I must take Koenig Bey's offer; but I will not give up my independent line without a struggle.

He drew a very disagreeable picture of Constantinopolitan diplomacy.

Gisborne.—The Turks have been so long accustomed to act on compulsion—they have been so accustomed to see foreigners interfere in all their domestic arrangements and make them a subject of menace or quarrel—that their timidity has settled down into a settled policy of delay. They delay when they wish to refuse, they delay when they intend to concede; they delay even in matters which are for their own benefit. They were very eager to get the money for the loan, but their

inveterate habit of procrastination made them interpose delay after delay in arranging the terms. Hornby, who managed the transaction, told me that at length he despaired of being able to pay them the money. For the same reason their documents are studiously vague, and almost contradictory. Half-a-dozen meanings may be given to my vizieral letter to the Pasha, and that which I am told is the real one seems to me a most forced construction. They are influenced only by two motives, bribes and threats; and the bribe need not be a large one. It is in proportion to the job to be done. There are guinea jobs, as well as £1000 jobs, and a pasha is as willing to do the one as the other. Then they are more careless of time than even the Italians or Germans. When you see a Pasha on business, it would be discourteous if you were to begin by that business; you must talk of indifferent matters, and bring on the subject of your visit at its end. Generally you find him on his divan smoking, with five or six persons round him; you get your pipe, you join in the conversation, and from time to time you see some one get to his side and whisper to him. In time you have an opportunity of doing the same; you whisper to him what you have to say; he says that he

will think of it—which is not true, for it passes out of his mind directly the whisper is finished—and then your audience is ended.

Nothing but the most determined exercise by Lord Stratford of his immense influence, and the co-operation of Reschid Pasha, his friend and *protégé*, could have enabled my brother to obtain the firman authorising the line from the Dardanelles to Alexandria. It was a new thing. It was a European thing; it brought strangers into the Ottoman territory. They submitted to it, but with the worst possible grace; and I believe that, next to Lord Stratford's pressure, the motive that chiefly wrought on them was the hope that by means of the telegraph they might work more immediately on Egypt.

Gisborne's description of Constantinople does not incline me to visit it.*

Gisborne.—Cairo, with its narrow, dirty, thronged ruinous streets and alleys is, compared with Constantinople, a city of broad streets and palaces. The mud is such that it is scarcely possible to walk—it is knee

* Mr. Senior visited Turkey and Greece in 1857-8. He published his journals in 1859. They were translated into French, and a new edition was brought out in Paris in 1879.—Ed.

deep. You complain of the dogs here—there are thousands in Constantinople for every hundred in Cairo. The scenery of the Bosphorus is peculiar and of the highest beauty; Santa Sophia is worth seeing, and so are one or two other mosques; but the living creatures are more odious even than they are here.

Friday, January 4.—We had a *levée* this morning, owing, I suppose to its being the Mussulman holiday.

First came Abderachman Bey. He was the son of a Maltese or a Sardinian (it is not certain which) settled in Cairo, and was left an orphan, with very small means, at the age of six or seven. Mehemet Ali, always in search of materials out of which to make his instruments of government, took him, educated him as a Mussulman, and gradually promoted him. At Abbas' succession he was Minister of Public Instruction; Abbas of course turned him out, but after a year or two was forced to have recourse to him to support Egyptian interests in Constantinople. He represented the Viceroy there for some time, and is now what in England we should call the head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. That is to say, he is charged with the statistics of the old Ministry of

Commerce—a ministry which, like almost all the other ministries, has been abolished.

He was a Christian by birth, and wishes now, I am told, to resume Christianity. This, however, would be considered by the believing Mussulmans as apostasy. It is said that he inquired whether as a Sardinian or Maltese he could obtain consular protection, but as he could not show any clear title to either nationality his application was refused. He is represented to me as a man of great knowledge and intelligence; but this is the first time that we have met, and we had scarcely sat down before Edhem Pasha, the Governor of Cairo, entered. He had a bad cold, as most Cairenes have in this inclement weather, as they call it, and would not smoke; whereupon Abderachman Bey put out his cigar.

Abderachman treated the Governor with profound respect, and said little; and Edhem Pasha was less conversible than when we met at the Barrage; the presence of a third person seemed to impose on him some reserve. They went away together, and were succeeded by Madame Bourguières, and immediately afterwards by Hekekyan Bey,* who brought with him his wife, a fine-

* Mr. Senior thought more highly of Hekekyan than of any of his Eastern friends. He was a tall handsome man; he looked like a Pied-

looking woman of about fifty, magnificently dressed in a rich silk gown, jacket brocaded with gold, and an enormous cloak of yellow silk, over which hung her veil, a white linen streamer about six inches broad, beginning at the centre of the nose and reaching to the feet. She is an Armenian, sister of Artim Bey, formerly Prime Minister, and is said to be a woman of high talent and character, but she speaks no French or English.

Senior.—Edhem Pasha has just left us—what is his history?

Hekekyan.—His history is this. He was a Janissary, and has still tattooed on his arm the mark of the fish, the regiment to which he belonged. He must have been a boy at the time of the massacre of the Janissaries. He escaped from Constantinople, and made his way to Alexandria, where he began by running errands about the streets, and I dare say rose to the dignity of donkey-boy; afterwards he was employed in some of Mehemet Ali's manufactories, learned French, rose to be a fore-

montese, and he spoke perfect English. He brought his wife to London in 1862. One evening when she dined with us she put on her Eastern dress—vest and trousers of black satin—we did not think it a becoming costume. We could not converse with her, as she knew no European language. Sir Adrian Dingli was with us, and talked to her in Arabic. Hekekyan died several years ago.—Ed.

man, was put at the head of a cannon-foundry, and thus became a public man. He is a man of sense. He has travelled in England and France, and has more knowledge of Europe than often falls to the lot of a Turk. Said Pasha made him Minister of Foreign Affairs.

When your Commission arrived, Hassan Pasha, a Turk speaking no French, was Governor of Cairo. Said Pasha wished to have in that post some one who could talk to the foreigners, so he turned him out and put Edhem Pasha in his place. When you are all gone, Hassan will probably be replaced.

We talked of Abbas Pasha and Said Pasha.

Senior.—I find much difference of opinion in Egypt on many subjects, but on none more than on the characters of these two men.

Hekekyan.—The truth is that there is not between them the great dissimilarity which this difference of opinion—or rather, perhaps, this difference of language—leads you to expect. I am perhaps impartial; for if I have to complain of Abbas for having turned me out, I have to complain of Said Pasha for not having restored me. I believe Said to be much the kinder man of the

two, he is naturally good-natured. His hobby differs from that of Abbas. He is intent on making an army instead of erecting palaces; though indeed the palace which he is building, pulling down, and rebuilding at Alexandria is as ill-placed, and as ill-planned, and as absurdly expensive as the most extravagant of Abbas' works. He likes foreigners—Abbas liked Turks, but there the principal distinctions end.

Senior.—Was not the French education of Said a great distinction?

Hekekyan.—He was not educated in France. He passed his early years, like Abbas, in the harcem. He had indeed the immense advantage of being placed early under the tuition of Koenig Bey, a most excellent man morally and intellectually, and from him and in his family he acquired not only his knowledge of French, but tastes and manners which have fitted him for European society and made him enjoy it. It was not until he had grown up that he travelled in France. He is not, as Halim Pasha and Achmed Pasha are, French by education.

He had also the advantage of not having become heir to the throne in early life. Abbas Pasha, as eldest son of Ibrahim, had the misfortune of enjoying a long

prospective of power. But, except that the disposition of Said is the more amiable, the *fonds* of character is the same in both. Each of them at his birth was surrounded by flatterers and luxury; each believed his father to be the greatest man in the whole world. In self-will, in conceit, in unwillingness to suffer contradiction or even advice; in impatience and dislike of continued mental labour and investigation, they are about on a par. If Said were placed in difficult circumstances, in which he had much to do and to think of, and was teased by opposition and ill-luck—in short, if he was thoroughly bothered—I would not answer for his reason. His habits are much better than those of Abbas; he is active and tolerably temperate. Abbas, like most Turks who drink, liked the excitement, not of wine, but of drunkenness, and sometimes drank off whole bottles of the hot spirit called raki: he was sleeping off intoxication when he died or was assassinated.

The foreign policy of both is substantially the same; fear of the Porte is at its bottom, and the fear is well grounded. The Sultan, and still more the Sultan's ministers, cannot bear to think that of the large revenue of Egypt not a tenth comes to his hands. They believe that if it were a completely dependent province, like

Syria, they would have the spending and the plundering for themselves of the sums that are spent here for Egyptian purposes. They are continually intriguing against the Viceroy's quasi-independence. He is surrounded even in his hareem by Turkish agents and spies. This naturally throws him on foreign support. Abbas leant on England—Said leans on France. I trust that the time may not come when an Egyptian Viceroy may lean on Russia.

One of the expedients adopted by each is to get Egypt talked about. The policy of the Porte, in public and in private matters, is always to insulate those whom it means to destroy. Let the man be forgotten, and then you may safely hand to him the cup of coffee. The transit and the railway and the Canal are all means by which Egypt is kept before the eyes of the world.

You will understand better much of the policy both of Turkey and of Egypt if you bear in mind that many of the measures of each country, though professedly matters of local legislation, are in fact adopted with a view to their effect in Europe.

The *Conseil du Tanzimat* is one; nothing looks more liberal or more progressive than the institution of a board whose especial duty it is to report on the

imperfections of the existing laws, and the defects in their execution. It is a permanent reform commission. But it will make no reports: if it make any they will not be attended to. The Tanzimat itself is little better than a paper reform. If the Sultan were a serious reformer he would begin in his own household. He would abolish, for instance, the usage by which all the male children of his daughters are destroyed at their birth. He professes to have abolished the white slave trade—yet his mother makes him a present of a white slave-girl every year.

Senior.—The abolition of slavery in Egypt seems to have been an important and practical reform.

Hekekyan.—It was so, but even that *seemed* more important than it really *was*. A slave has long had a right to require the Kadi to take him from his master and sell him. He can now require the Kadi to set him free. But how is he to live without a trade, without capital, and without friends? The cases in which the law has been put in force are very few. You must recollect that our slavery does not resemble that of America or of the West Indies; it is not degrading; for centuries Egypt has been ruled by slaves, almost all its nobles and great men have been slaves or the sons

of slaves. Said's mother was a slave, so was Abbas', so was Halim's, so were almost everybodys'.

A Circassian with handsome children speculated on providing for them well in the slave-market of Constantinople or Cairo. Sabbatier, the French Consul, has a young slave whom he bought in Nubia. The boy looks down on the hired servants. "You are paid," he says—"*moi, je suis de la maison*; you may be turned away—I cannot be."

What I earnestly desire is that this rivalry in Egypt between France and England may cease, and that she may be enabled to rely on the joint support of both. I am not an Egyptain; I cannot feel towards Egypt as a man feels towards his native land—but it is the country of my adoption; it is the country in which my son will probably fix himself.

I am anxious for its welfare, and it seems to me that if England and France disagree again as to their Egyptian policy they may throw Egypt into the hands of Russia, which would be the forerunner of great calamities.

Your policy in 1840 was unfortunate; you took—what is scarcely ever good in politics, whatever it be in morals—a middle course. You ought either to have

made Egypt independent of the Sultan or submissive to him. Instead of doing either, you gave to the Sultan vague undefined claims on Egypt, which keep the two countries in a constant state of antagonism. This antagonism is mischievous to both, but most so to the weaker and dependent country. The Sultan is worse than indifferent to the prosperity of his dependency—he is actually hostile to it. He is always opposed to every measure and to every minister that is likely to promote it. The worst and most permanent enemy of Egypt is the empire of which she is called a province.

This is the real history of the opposition in Constantinople to the Canal. The intended Canal of Irrigation will probably add a million of inhabitants to the population, and therefore to the strength of Egypt. The navigable Canal, if it can be made, will bring her into immediate connection with all Europe and America.

The better the present relations with Egypt to Turkey are understood, the more general will become the opinion that those relations ought not to continue as they are, and that the only statesmanlike mode of dealing with them is to convert them into relations of

amity, but mutual independence. The connection with Egypt will not save Turkey—the connection with Turkey may ruin Egypt. Of course I do not mean to say that the Divan of Constantinople perceives all this, but it has an instinctive perception that the more the political and commercial importance of Egypt becomes known, the less are the Porte's chances of retaining it.

If in 1840 you had frankly espoused the cause of the Sultan, and required Egypt to be put on the same footing as the other pashalics, this might not have been a wise or a generous policy, but it would have been an intelligible one. Your power at Constantinople might have secured for you the subservience of Egypt. Or if you had made Egypt independent, and allowed Mehemet Ali to keep Syria and Arabia, gratitude for such support, added to the influence gained by your trade and by your maritime supremacy, would have made Egypt your ally, and almost your dependent; and she would have been a valuable friend.

The course which you actually took made her hostile, and left her strong enough to venture to act hostilely. She has naturally thrown herself into the arms of France. Ever since 1840 France has been her friend and protector. The foreigners who surround the

Viceroy are principally Frenchmen. They support him in his wishes for independence. You think yourselves obliged by the position which you took in 1840 to enforce the Sultan's claims to supremacy. You are endeavouring to make him exercise them in this affair of the Canal, a local matter in which the Viceroy takes a personal interest, and in which he cannot yield without admitting a vassalage which offends his pride.

Senior.—Who is Said Pasha's real confidant?

Hekekyan.—Zulficar Pasha. He is a Circassian, bought by Mehemet Ali as a child, and bred up with Said Pasha. He is an excellent man, honest and intelligent, but he has too much to do. So far as the Viceroy has a minister it is Zulficar. He is therefore forced to delegate much of the business which is delegated by the Viceroy to him, and his delegate is as bad as Zulficar is good.

Hekekyan and his wife were followed by Dr. Bourguières. We continued to talk of Abbas and Said.

Bourguières.—There is no doubt that, compared with Abbas, Said is humane, but it is no high praise, for Abbas' ferocity was eminent among Turks. One day an Englishman, admitted to an audience, saw some

blood on his hand. "I got it," said Abbas, "half an hour ago as I was sewing up the mouth of a woman whom I found smoking in the hareem." His cruelty cost him his life. He had put to death in different ways more than eighty of the persons in immediate attendance on his person; and the two lads who strangled him knew that they were to be killed the next day. He had told them that they would eat no more bread.

Mrs. Senior and Madame Bourguières drove to Shoobra, to see the Djerrid played before the palace; but Halim Pasha did not show himself, and nothing was done.

Saturday, January 5.—Dr. and Madame Bourguières called on us, and explained the disappointment as to the Djerrid yesterday.

Bourguières.—One of my *confrères* and I were summoned to Shoobra yesterday at about two o'clock, to see Nasli Hanem, who is there on a visit to her brother, Halim Pasha. We were introduced into the hareem, and found her on a divan with her brother by her side; her face was uncovered, but two slaves held a slip of black

silk before her, which, without really concealing her, was *censé* to be a veil. She told us that she was exceedingly ill. I felt her pulse, which was normal, looked at her tongue, which was clean, and began to assure her that there was nothing the matter with her. "Oh, no," she said, "I am very ill. I am dying; *ne me quittez pas, mes enfans.*"

Senior.—Who were the *enfans?*

Bourguières.—My colleague and I. She is very endearing when she wants to deceive. We were shown into an apartment on the ground floor, where we had pipes and sherbet and dancing-girls. "I fear," I said to my companion, "that we are here for six or seven hours;" and so it was, for to get out of a hareem, except under the guidance of a slave, is impossible, and we were not released till late in the evening.

Senior.—And what was her object?

Bourguières.—It was a comedy, played for the purpose of preventing Halim Pasha's journey to the Soodan. While we were below she was trying to coax him to give up or postpone his expedition; and if she had found that there was any chance of doing so she would have sent for us back, and tried to get us to say that she was very ill, and that her brother ought to

remain with her. Apparently he was inexorable, so at nine o'clock she let us go.

Madame Bourguières.—In the meantime I was at home wondering and anxious. I knew that my husband was gone to Shoobra, and I knew of what Nasli Hanem is capable; and I was alarmed, though perhaps absurdly.

Sunday, January 6.—We called this morning on Mary Bey, and smoked a couple of pipes on his balcony overlooking the Esbekeeyeh, now gay and bustling and noisy as the scene of the Coptic Christmas Day.

Mary is a Corsican, and was an officer in one of the Corsican regiments, which Napoleon kept in Lower Italy. He distinguished himself at the seige of Gaeta, where he was severely wounded. He was taken prisoner in one of Murat's attempts to invade Sicily. After the peace he entered the service of Mehemet Ali, and was employed by him in disciplining his regular army. He is a very kind, serviceable man, and was intimate with our Consul-General, Murray. On Ibrahim Pasha's accession, Abbas, not thinking himself safe, left Egypt to make his pilgrimage to Mecca. He was in the Hedjaz, on the coast of the Red Sea, when Ibrahim died. Mary,

who was one of Ibrahim's aides-de-camp, and had early information of his death, ran to Murray to ask for the use of a British steamer then at Suez. Murray gave it to him; he travelled to Suez as rapidly as a dromedary would carry him, got hold of the steamer, and brought back Abbas in triumph as Viceroy.

This rendered him a favourite, and he has been enabled to make his fortune. He is married to a pleasing woman—a Corsican—and their balcony is the rendezvous of gossipers in the afternoon.

While we were there a gentleman came in with rather a Jewish physiognomy, who was introduced to me as Dr. Rossi, Halim Pasha's physician.

Rossi.—We are certainly going to the Soodan. Halim Pasha is tired of idleness and insignificancy. In that distant, imperfectly subdued province, he must be intrusted with large discretionary powers, and he is anxious to try his hand as a ruler and administrator.

Senior.—Have you much fear of the climate?

Rossi.—Not very much. It is certainly hot, and for four months it rains incessantly, but all that money and care can do to protect us will be done. Halim Pasha is too great a favourite with his brother and his sister to be neglected.

Major Macdonnell and Hekekyan Bey drank tea with us.

They had both been great travellers in the desert. Macdonnell dwelt for fourteen months in the desert between the Lower Nile and the Euphrates. Hekekyan Bey wandered for nine months between the Upper Nile and the Red Sea.

They talked of desert life with rapture.

Hekekyan.—Those nine months were the happiest that I ever passed. I had often reason to believe that there was not a human being within fifty miles of my party. When I was stationary I used to consider my resting-place as a centre, and every day to take a new exploratory ride of nine or ten miles, and return by my compass. I soon lost all reckoning of time, and the effect was remarkable. It seemed as if a weight had been removed from me, or rather as if the last string that tied me to civilised life—to duties and to obligations—had been cut. For the first and for the last time in my life I felt absolutely free.

Senior.—What were you searching for?

Hekekyan.—For coal. It was a whim of Mehemet Ali's. I told him that the position and nature of the strata to the west of the Red Sea were such that none

could be found; but he would not be satisfied without actual exploration.

Macdonnell.—I was more successful. I found what I looked for, and more than I looked for. What I looked for was copper, and I discovered a carbonate of copper, as pure and as abundant as that of the Burra Burra Mine. Besides this, I found precious stones—not scattered, but in strata.

Senior.—Of what kind?

Macdonnell.—Turquoises. I believe that three or four expert miners could dig out a fortune in a week. Storr and Mortimer gave me 300 guineas for a few specimens that I brought home in my waistcoat pocket, and I believe made £600 by them.

Senior.—But would not a large supply of a commodity whose estimation depends greatly on caprice lower its value enormously?

Macdonnell.—Not in the least, for every other supply has ceased. The only turquoise mine was in Persia, and it has been thoroughly worked out. You must recollect that the demand is not European, but Asiatic.

In Asia precious stones are the only secure property. Money is cumbersome, houses and lands tempt the

spoiler, but jewels can always be concealed and carried away. There are five stones—the diamond, the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, and the turquoise—the demand for which has been steady for many centuries—that is to say in Asia. The European demand fluctuates; and, as civilisation extends and people find better ways of spending their money, has a tendency to subside. But as long as property among the Asiatics is insecure and tastes are childish, jewels will be coveted and hoarded

Senior.—What use do you think to make of your mines?

Macdonnell.—Of course I think of selling them to the Government. But it is very difficult, and indeed very dangerous, to deal with such a government as this is. I cannot easily convince them of the value of my discovery without endangering its secrecy, and *that* I do not choose to do.

Senior.—Did you ever feel yourself in danger?

Macdonnell. — Scarcely ever. I was principally within Mehemet Ali's jurisdiction, and protected by his vigilant administration. My people were afraid of wild beasts. I have had a hundred jackals and hyænas prowling round the encampment; but we kept

up large fires, and no accident happened. The worst danger that I incurred was that of losing myself.

On a morning the camels, with the tents and baggage, are always sent off very early, and you follow some hours after, so as not to arrive at the place of encampment until the tents have been set up. One day I followed the track of my camels for four or five hours without overtaking them. I began to get uneasy, and so did my men, but we said nothing; at last the indications of a track, which for a long time had been very faint, disappeared. The ground became hard and gravelly until, about half an hour before sunset, we reached some sand-hills; none such were on our road, so that it was clear we were lost.

We had no clothes except what we stood up in, and little water. If the night caught us we might perish by cold or thirst. I climbed one of the sand-hills, and carefully swept with my eye the horizon in the supposed direction of my camp. At length I saw on its extreme edge some diminutive specks which evidently moved. I showed them to my two companions. "They are our camels," they cried, which have been turned out in the desert, and are returning to the camp for the night.

Senior.—How far off were they?

Macdonnell.—About fifteen miles. In the atmosphere of the desert objects are visible at great distances. While we were looking at them, the figures of three men on dromedaries, armed with long lances, rose over a swell of the sand on the road which we had travelled. They came straight towards us at a great rate; we agreed that they must be Bedouins, and my men wanted to fire on them as soon as they were within gunshot. I gave them strict orders not to fire until I gave the word. Suddenly they stopped, and set up a most unearthly scream. "Well," I thought, "now we are to be attacked." Still the foremost man rode on, without further hostile demonstrations, and I recognised him as the chief of our escort. When the time for our arrival at the camp had passed, he conjectured what had happened, and set off to find us. He returned along his own path until he found the traces of three persons who had diverged from it. He followed their traces, which to me seemed imperceptible, especially over the gravel, never lifting his eyes from the ground, until he saw us on the sand-hill, and in his joy set up the scream which we took for a signal of attack.

Monday, January 7.—I called on Hekekyan; a tall, fine-looking man, in an Arab dress, was with him. "That," said Hekekyan, "is the Sheykh el Beled of a village in the Delta, who has been lamenting to me that his people have been summoned to work on the Suez Railway."

Senior.—But they are paid?

Hekekyan.—Not a farthing.

Senior.—But they are fed?

Hekekyan.—Yes, but by their own village. The Government does nothing for them.

Senior.—I thought that *corvées* had been abolished.

Hekekyan.—They have been abolished for every work except the railways and the canals—that is to say, in all other works the people are paid, but they are not allowed to refuse to work.

In the evening Stephan Bey called on us. I related what I had heard at Hekekyan's.

"There may be some mistake," he answered, "or perhaps in the case of this particular village there may be some malversation. But the probable explanation is this: every one employed on the public works is entitled to be paid—not an illusory sum, as was the case

under Mehemet Ali, but the full value of his labour. But he is paid by his wages being allowed in account between the receiver of the taxes and his village, and it becomes the duty of his village to make to him the direct payment. It is possible that in this case the taxes due from the village may have exceeded the amount to which the labourers were entitled. This the Sheykh might call working for nothing."

We talked of the habits of expenditure among the Egyptians.

Stephan.—They are small, even among the rich. The fear of the evil eye, the fear of extortion, and the absence of intercourse between different families, which makes the bazaar or the coffee-house the place of meeting, take away the principal motives to extravagance. As the exports of Egypt far exceed in value the imports, large sums of specie must come annually into the country. They are not exported, for the exchange is generally in favour of Egypt. They do not remain in circulation, for the scarcity of specie is a constant complaint. You must have found the difficulty of getting change at our shops. They are hoarded. The instinct of an Egyptian, as soon as he gets hold of a

piece of money, is to hide it: he often dies without divulging his hiding-place. Egypt is full of concealed treasures. If ever we enjoy a really good government, and can add to our habits of economy the habits of enterprise and exertion which belong only to well-governed nations, Egypt will become one of the richest countries in the world.

Senior.—It seems to me that the prohibition of taking interest must materially interfere with the commercial progress of every Mussulman country.

Stephan.—They would get over that difficulty by an interpretation. The Koran forbids any man to make on his capital a profit of more than ten per cent., but I am not aware of any instance in which that prohibition has been voluntarily obeyed.

Senior.—Does the mischievous influence of the evil eye depend on the will of the person whose glance does the mischief?

Stephan.—Not altogether; an intention to harm may render more virulent the poison of the glance, but envy, or the desire to appropriate a thing, or even excessive admiration, may render it mischievous, without the consciousness or even against the will of the offender. It injures most the thing that it first hits:

hence the bits of red cloth that are stuck about the dresses of children and the trappings of camels and horses, and the large spots of lampblack which you may see on the foreheads of children. They are a sort of conductors. It is hoped that they will attract the glance, and exhaust or deaden its venom.

It is difficult to enumerate all the ways in which this superstition interferes with the comforts and the habits of the people. Children are supposed to be peculiarly coveted, they are kept therefore as much as possible at home, without air or exercise, out of the reach of admiration. If they do go abroad they are intentionally dirty and ill-dressed. A fine house, fine furniture, a fine camel, or a fine horse, are all enjoyed with fear and trembling, lest they should excite envy and bring misfortune. A butcher would be afraid to hang up fine meat in his shop, lest the evil eye of passers-by who might covet it should taint it and render it unwholesome.

At the bottom of the superstition I believe to be a great prevalence of envy among the lower Egyptians; you see it in all their fictions. Half the malevolence described in the 'Arabian Nights' is attributed not, as it would be in an European fiction, to some insult or

injury inflicted by the person who is its object, but to mere envy of wealth, or of other means of happiness, honourably acquired and well used.

Tuesday, January 8.—For some days we have been suffering miserably from cold. At noon in our sitting-room, looking east and south, the thermometer stands at 61° in the shade, and at 95° in the sun; but as soon as the sun goes off it sinks to 53°, and at night the external air is not above 40°, or that in our rooms above 48° or 49°. I sleep under twice the bedclothes that I use in the depth of winter at home; I sit in the evenings and mornings with three waistcoats on, and sometimes three coats, my feet wrapped up in blankets. During the day the air is very dry; at night, and sometimes early in the morning, there is fog which would do honour to London.

Everybody is complaining of cough and cold. Mrs. Senior coughs as soon as the sun quits us. I have an attack of bronchitis. This does not seem to be a safe climate; the variations from day to day are gradual; the sun is always bright; the wind is almost always northerly. What to-day is to-morrow will be, and so it will go on until the increased length of the

days and power of the sun bring back the heat that we experienced on our arrival eight weeks ago. But the variations in temperature, from four hours to four hours, and from the sunny to the shady side of the street, or from a southern room to a northern one, are greater than I ever experienced, except perhaps at Munich.

The climate of Algiers is far more agreeable, and, though damper, I think more wholesome. We heard bitter complaints of cold there in March, during rain, but it was not the searching penetrating cold of Cairo; and as there were fireplaces we could protect ourselves against it.

Were I a medical man I should be inclined to send a patient with irritable lungs or throat rather to Algiers than to Cairo. The food is bad in both places, but not quite so bad in Algiers as it is here—here the badness is almost universal. In Algiers the milk and butter are good, and I think that I once or twice recollect having tasted eatable meat there.

I met to-day at Mr. Leader's Cahil Effendi, the American Vice-Consul. His father and mother were both Syrians—Damascus Christians. His father was British Vice-Consul in Damietta.

He spoke with regret of Mehemet Ali's government.

Senior.—I thought that Mehemet Ali, by his monopolies, his forced labour, and the waste of life and money in his armies, his fleets, his factories, his dock-yards, and his fortifications, was exhausting the capital and population of the country.

Cahil.—That reproach applies to the earlier period of Mehemet Ali's reign. For many years his tenure of Egypt was most insecure. His authority, like that of his brother pashas, was delegated and revocable. He was forced to be a warrior and a conqueror, in order to possess an army which should hold his master, the Sultan, in awe. If he had not made himself formidable he would have been deposed and strangled forty years ago. When, in 1840, his title was secured, and his conquests were arrested, and he found that he could keep Egypt, but must be contented with it, he set himself to work seriously to improve the country. He made some great mistakes, as better educated sovereigns have done, but his administration was on the whole just and vigilant. Now, the people are certainly less oppressed by the central government, but suffer more from their immediate superiors. They are less plundered by the taxgatherer, but much more by the

Sheykh el Beled, and by the Mudeer. If Ibrahim had lived Egypt would have now been in a very different state.

Senior.—In what state would Egypt now have been if Abbas Pasha had lived?

Cahil.—It would have been two years and a half nearer to barbarism and ruin.

Senior.—What were the worst parts of Abbas' administration?

Cahil.—Nothing could be *worst* where every thing was as bad as it could be. He was cruel, he was extortionate, he was ignorant, he hated knowledge, he hated improvement, he hated civilisation; he hated every one whom he suspected of being a friend to civilisation, improvement or knowledge. He was the exaggeration of all that is detestable in the Turkish barbarian.

Senior.—And what are the worst parts of the present administration?

Cahil.—The worst part is its negligence. The Viceroy attempts more than the most diligent and the most skilful man could execute, and he is neither diligent nor skilful. Like a Turk—that is to say, like a child—he falls in love with some plaything that pleases his fancy—a canal, a railway, or a barrage—and forgets

everything else. If his place were supplied by good ministers this would signify less, but he has no minister except Zulficar Pasha, and Zulficar Pasha, an excellent man, has ten times as much to do as any single man can get through tolerably. The consequence is that much is ill done, much is left undone, and, what is the worst, much is left to the discretion of Zulficar's deputy, a Turk of the old school. Zulficar indeed, who is a man of great kindness of disposition, hates that part of his duties which consists in enforcing payment of the revenue. It falls therefore principally into the hands of his deputy, who is as free from scruple as he is from pity. When you recollect that, in this country, as to every man in office the presumption is that he is a rogue and a tyrant, you may conceive the disorganisation, the oppression, the neglect, and the plunder which this want of proper superintendence permits, and indeed encourages, in every department.

Wednesday, January 9. — Solyman Effendi, an Egyptian educated in England, who accompanied the Commissioners as Mr. Maclean's interpreter, brought me to-day letters from Maclean and from Lesseps, dated Alexandria, and telling the news of the Commissioners.

Maclean's letter is short. He says merely that their journey was delightful, that they found the soil throughout as favourable as at their first station, and that they have agreed unanimously to report to the Viceroy that the Canal is feasible, and that the cost will not exceed 200,000,000 francs.

Lesseps' letter encloses the report. The substance of the report is :—

First.—That there is no difficulty whatever in cutting the navigable Canal.

Secondly.—That a good port can be made at Suez at the distance of 1600 metres (about a mile) from the shore, in 8 metres (about 25 feet) of water.

Thirdly.—That a good port can be made on the Mediterranean side about 12 miles to the west of Pelusium, with 8 metres of water, at the distance of 2300 metres (about a mile and a half) from the shore, with good holding ground and easy access.

Fourthly.—That the whole expense will not exceed 200,000,000 francs.

A detailed report, with sections and plans, is to follow.

This short report is signed by Conrad, Renaud, Nigrelli, Maclean and Lieusieux.

The letter of M. de Lesseps adds that at Pelusium 8 metres of water were found at a distance of 7500 metres from the coast, but that to the west of the town the deep water was found to approach the coast more nearly; and that at 11 miles from Pelusium a tract of about 12 miles long extends between Lake Menzaleh and the sea, from the mouth of the ancient Tanitic branch to the mouth of the ancient Mendesian branch, along which the water deepens from 6 metres at 1600 metres from the coast, and 8 metres at 2300 metres, up to 9, 10 and 12 metres at distances of 3000 and 6000 metres. About the middle of this tract the mouth of the Canal and its port are to be placed, with a jetty of less than 2 miles long, instead of 6 miles, the length contemplated in the prospectus.

Solyman Effendi tells me that the engineers are in high spirits as to their Navigable Canal; that it passes through no drifting sands, and will require no dredging to keep it open; that Maclean proposed to have no locks, that Nigrelli, and afterwards Renaud and Lieusieux, came over to his opinion, and last of all Conrad; but that difficulties, though not insurmountable ones, exist with respect to the Canal of Irrigation. Maclean was willing to abandon this altogether to the Government,

believing that the Navigable Canal by itself would be an excellent commercial speculation.

Thursday, January 10.—Lord Canning returned yesterday from the Upper Nile, he goes to Suez to-morrow. I dined with him at Ismail Pasha's palace to-day.

When we left the vast cold dining-room we moved to a small adjoining room, where we found a great wood fire. The sofas were wheeled round it, the long pipes were brought in, and we smoked until the room was filled with a richly-scented fog.

I asked Lady Canning if she intended to allow such doings in Calcutta.

Friday, January 11.—We drove with Madame Bourguières to Madame Bonfort's.

The deficiency of the inundation last year has diminished the revenue by 80,000 purses, or £400,000, the sands which were not irrigated being exempted from taxation.

On this ground notice has just been given to all persons entitled to payment from the treasury, that they must submit to a deduction of twenty-five per cent. Hopes are entertained that when a good year comes payment

in full will be resumed, and even that what is now deducted will be repaid. But as an arrear which accrued last year is also repudiated, not much hope is entertained that the sums now deducted will be recognised as debts hereafter.

This measure of course affects severely the large body of persons in the Government employ. But it affects a still larger body, who may be called the national creditors of Egypt.

Mehemet Ali at one time determined to be not only the only manufacturer and trader, but the only landed proprietor in Egypt. He seized the lands in the hands of the religious and charitable corporations, and those possessed by the villages in common, and the greater part of those belonging to individuals. He promised them in recompense annual payments from the treasury, equal, according to his estimation, to the annual value of their lands.

Much of the land then confiscated has been regranted, but in respect to the portion still retained by the Government the annual payments are nominally continued. I say *nominally*, because only the same number of piastres are paid, and the value of the piastre has been reduced by successive adulterations of the currency

from about a franc, its then value, to nine farthings, its present value.

Still, these annual payments, reduced as they are, form the whole subsistence of a considerable number of persons, many of them incapable of adding by their own exertions to their incomes. This deduction of twenty-five per cent. from their small means of subsistence must be felt severely.

Senior.—I hear that Said Pasha is rich—that his revenue exceeds his expenses; could he not have avoided this discreditable expedient?

Madame Bourguières.—His current revenue exceeds his current expenses; but he is not rich. Abbas Pasha left an enormous debt. He paid nobody when he could avoid paying; the whole surplus he hoarded to make fortunes for his family. *They* are very rich, but the public exchequer is deeply in debt.

Senior.—But could not Said Pasha have required the debts left by Abbas to be paid out of his accumulations? It seems monstrous that the family of a sovereign should be allowed to inherit money which really belongs to others.

Madame Bourguières.—Those are European ideas. Nothing is monstrous here; whatever were Said Pasha's

motives—and they could have been only kind ones—he let Abbas's family take what they claimed to be his private property, and is paying his public debts out of the public revenue. Said's own personal expenses are small, and if we have good seasons he will soon get over his present embarrassments.

We talked of locusts.

Bonfort.—They are rare in Egypt, and are generally preceded by an unusually warm winter. It seems that of the locusts' eggs that are deposited in the sand nine-tenths, or perhaps a larger proportion, are killed by the cold of an ordinary winter. But when this preventive check fails a generation of locusts bursts forth for which there is no food, and they appear to be driven instinctively to emigrate in search of it.

The Egyptians sometimes dry them and eat them, but only exceptionally. In Arabia, where they are more common, and there is little for them to destroy, their passage is considered a blessing. The first man who sees them coming mounts his camel and rides off to spread the news. He is rewarded by a good backsheesh, and the villages turn out to intercept them.

Saturday, January 12.—Mrs. Senior, accompanied by

Madame Bourguières and Madame Bonfort, visited to-day Nasli Hanem, Mehemet Ali's favourite daughter, the widow of Mohammed Bey, a Turk who, from his having filled the office of Defterdar, or chief accountant, is generally called Defterdar Bey.

Defterdar Bey was sent from Constantinople to Egypt as a spy on Mehemet Ali; Mehemet Ali, finding him a man of talent and resolution, took him into favour, and attached him by marrying him to his daughter. He filled some high situations, and was ultimately Governor of Soudan. His cruelties were execrable everywhere, but in the island of Meroe, which he reached soon after the assassination of Ismail Pasha, they were peculiarly frightful. He is said to have put to death 100,000 persons. At last he became formidable to Mehemet Ali himself; and his death, which occurred opportunely, is supposed to have been managed by his wife at her father's instigation. It is a popular belief in Cairo that when his body was brought to the tomb—a magnificent one erected by Mehemet Ali for his own family—two devils appeared to welcome the corpse.

"Hell from beneath was moved for him, to meet him at his coming."

Nasli was a fit mate for him. I do not repeat the

stories which I hear of her cruelties, as they are merely painful. The following anecdote paints her reputation. Mrs. Lieder used to visit her frequently. She was advised by her Cairene friends to give up the practice, lest, should she ever offend the wayward susceptibility of Nasli Hanem, she might, to use an Eastern euphemism, take a cup of coffee too much. She believes, indeed, that she did once receive a doctored cup, but, having only sipped it, she recovered after a short illness.

The enormities of Nasli Hanem, or probably the disgust with which they filled Europeans and the discredit which they threw on the viceregal family, at last so thoroughly conquered Mehemet Ali's affection that he determined to have her got rid of. Abbas Pasha prevailed on him to spare her, and complained bitterly that she rewarded him by going to Constantinople to intrigue against him.

She was once handsome. She is now sixty-five; what remains of her are magnificent large black eyes, with long eyelashes, a yellow face, and the short thick figure which belongs to her family. She is said to be thoroughly tired of life, but to be in great fear of death; is never left alone, and never without light.

Such are the past and the present of the lady whom Mrs. Senior went to visit. She was rather unwilling to do so, but I begged her to go, as she would to see a tigress at the Zoological Gardens. They drove through several narrow streets to a small dusty garden, at the end of which stands her Palace. Black eunuchs received them at the door, and led them through a fine hall to the staircase. On the first floor they found the great central hall, and the large rooms opening out of it, which belong to all the Cairene palaces. One of them was her audience-room. It contained a bed (the couch of honour of the Viceroy when he visits his sister), a divan, and several sofas and chairs.

Here they had sherbet and coffee in gold cups, covered with diamonds and rubies, and afterwards pipes with amber mouthpieces inlaid with diamonds.

About twenty slaves, magnificently dressed, stood about; and two girls, one about twenty years old, the other twelve, both of them covered with diamonds and pearls, and said to be the Princess's favourites, did the honours of the palace in her absence.

Three or four other visitors, all Mussulman, and one, by her peculiar head-dress, Turkish, came in.

At last, after a delay of about two hours, the Princess

entered, took her place on the divan, received her visitors very graciously, and desired them to be seated: the Europeans in the arm-chairs.

Pipes and coffee were again brought in, and a band of seven performers entered, and made very loud unpleasant music. Dancing-girls, one of them pretty, accompanied them not very gracefully.

Nasli Hanem is ill, and is going up the Nile for change of air, and insists on being accompanied by Dr. Bourguières and his wife. They wish to escape the *corvée*, and Dr. Bourguières, when it was proposed to him, said that, as physician to the French Consulate, he could not be absent for three weeks, the proposed duration of the voyage. She was prepared, however, for this excuse, and had previously obtained leave of absence for him from M. Laporte, the French Consul, so that there is no remedy. This was the first introduction of Madame Bourguières to her, and she scrutinised her with her great eyes almost alarmingly. She sent the younger of her favorites on a message to one of the attendants. The girl went to the wrong person, and was punished by a glance which made her turn red and pale with terror.

Mrs. Senior made a civil speech, which Madame

Bonfort interpreted. She looked inquisitively, almost fiercely, at Mrs. Senior while she was speaking, and afterwards at Madame Bonfort, as if she was conscious of her own evil reputation, and disbelieved in the sincerity of compliments paid to her by a European.

The room, full of people, was hot, the music noisy; it was not a place for an invalid; she complained much of illness, and after about three-quarters of an hour's audience left the room, begging Madame Bonfort to assure her guests that the palace and everything that it contained was theirs, and that she trusted that they would make any use of it that they could. They were tired, and departed immediately.

Mr. Walne called on me. We talked of the deduction of twenty-five per cent. from the salaries of the public servants.

Walne.—I cannot conceive what Said Pasha does with his money. There must be some great malversation, which is improbable when so honest a man as Zulficar Pasha is at the head of the finances, or he must be accumulating largely.

I mentioned the explanation that he is paying off Abbas' debts.

Walne.—I do not accept it. I do not believe that Abbas left much debt, public or private—and there was much produce in the public magazines to answer it. As to Abbas' private fortune, I know that the agents of Il-Hami Bey, his only son, complain that they have not yet been able to come to a settlement with Said.

The claims which Abbas had to satisfy were far greater than any that can fall upon Said. Mehemet Ali's family required the capital employed in all the numerous commercial and manufacturing enterprises in which Mehemet Ali was engaged—capital squeezed out of the taxes—to be valued and paid for. They claimed, for instance, the value of all the horses and carriages employed in the transit service.

Abbas remonstrated; an appeal was made to Constantinople, where Abbas, in consequence of his English propensities, was no favourite, and the decision was that Abbas should pay to the family, besides letting them have all their palaces and estates, in hard money £850,000; and it was paid, but it kept him poor all his life.

Dr. and Madame Bourguières and Mr. Bruce, our Consul-General, drank tea with us.

Dr. Bourguières talked of Abbas Pasha's popularity in England, and attributed it to his having bought the *Times*.

We assured him that neither the *Times* nor any tolerably respectable English journal was purchaseable.

Bourguières.—Well, things are very differently managed in France. With the single exception of the *Débats*, the whole French press is—or when I knew it was—purchaseable. I will give you an example. In 1847 I was the editor of the scientific part of the ——. A M. F—— brought to me an article which he had written himself, on a medical work of his own; puffing it to the skies. The book was bad, the article was bad; the whole transaction was detestable. I refused to insert it, and almost kicked him out of my room. A fortnight after I found it inserted in full length in my part of the paper. I went in great wrath to the proprietor.

"*Que voulez-vous, mon cher?*" he answered; "the sale of the paper does not more than pay its expenses. I must have some profit, and I must get it directly; M. F—— offered me 1000 francs if I would insert his article, *et, ma foi! je les ai acceptés.*"

We talked of the vital statistics of Cairo.

Bourguières.—The expectation of life is the same as in Paris, thirty-eight years. The infant mortality is very large—as many children die under five years old in Cairo as die under eighteen in France, but those who survive eighteen become healthy. In one respect the difference between the two capitals is striking. In Paris it is the children of the poor who die—in Cairo it is the children of the rich. They are confined and coddled in the hareems without air or exercise, fed on sweetmeats and pastry and butter and all manner of trash, and when scarcely more than boys exhaust themselves by all sorts of excesses. Il-Hami Pasha, Abbas' son, was a charming youth at fifteen, now at twenty-one he is an old man. The Turks are right in not attempting to have an hereditary aristocracy. The few families that survived would become hereditary idiots. Mehemet Ali's posterity, numerous and promising as it once was, will die out or degenerate into imbecility in a few generations.

Sunday, January 13.—I dined with Hekekyan Bey. It still is so cold that on trying the drawing-room after dinner we found it intolerable, and returned to the dining-room, which the lights and the dinner had

warmed. Hekekyan talked again of the charms of desert life.

Hekekyan.—But even in the desert some days are less happy than others. The worst are those in which water fails. I recollect an occasion on which we loitered, engaged in some interesting investigations, till our supply was actually exhausted, and we had to make a night's march to renew it.

Senior.—How many were you?

Hekekyan.—Four; my companion, Colonel Vigors, and I and two servants. We left our bags behind, marking them as not abandoned by placing on them the usual signs, some stones. We travelled about five hours, reached our cistern—a basin in a rock which fills whenever there is rain, and found it empty. Nobody spoke; we turned our dromedaries round, and rode in the direction of the nearest well. Long before we reached it our dromedaries tired; we dismounted and lay down while they rested. It was night. The effect of thirst is to produce a sort of insubordination in the mind. Your ideas, no longer under your control, succeed one another capriciously, as they do when you are falling asleep. They are generally painful; and some perplexity, some mystery which you cannot explain, keeps

recurring. In this state I saw against the clear sky the figure of my friend, as he crept to my side, and took hold of my water-bottle. He knew that it was dry, but he could not withstand the temptation of lifting it to his mouth; an hour after I felt an irresistible desire to creep towards him, and to try whether there might not be a drop left in his. He saw me do this, as I had seen him, but neither of us spoke. Our dromedaries knew instinctively that they were going in search of water, showed themselves ready to start by daybreak, and carried us to the well by noon. But it was a distressing march.

Death by thirst is supposed to be very painful, but I believe that it is preceded by a considerable period of unconsciousness. One of my guides once told me that his water failed him two days' journey from home; he knew that his camel would find his way, and he knew that he should lose his reason before the journey was over. So he tied himself as securely as he could in his saddle, and all that he recollects is that he seemed soon to fall asleep, and awoke in the midst of his family.

Senior.—What became of your bags?

Hekekyan.—We found them as we left them, though there were traces showing that several parties had

passed them. The silent claim made by our stones had been respected.

Senior.—But where, I said, were your tents?

Hekekyan.—We had none; our whole provision consisted of four dromedaries, with a pair of large bags on each. My pair of bags contained my surveying instruments, a sack of flour, coffee-berries and sugar, salt, tobacco, pipes, powder and shot, a wooden bowl, three shirts, and a couple of pairs of shoes; beside them hung my water-bottle, and I carried my gun. From time to time we bought a sheep of the Bedouins and roasted it by setting fire to a tree or a bush and heating the stones of the desert, cutting it up and laying it upon them. This made it so dry that we could keep it in our bags for days. But our main food was flour mixed in a bowl with water and a little salt, kneaded, flattened, and baked on the embers of our fires; our stimulants were tobacco and coffee—roasted and pounded while the water was heating, and better than I can get it at home.

On this fare, never under a tent or a roof, enjoying the sun all the day, and the cool air of the desert all the night, we had health and spirits and strength such as I never enjoyed before or after.

Senior.—Did not you suffer horribly from cold? My friends who spent ten days in the desert last month complained of being frozen. At what time of the year was this?

Hekekyan.—We started in the beginning of April, and were out until the end of December. We did suffer sometimes from cold, especially on high plateaus, but it was bearable; we soon became very hard. When we reached Korosko, about a hundred miles south of Assouan, we wished to go on to Khartoom, the confluence of the Blue and White Niles. For this purpose fresh supplies were wanted, for we had worn out everything. But the authorities there would not believe that the black-looking, ragged figures, covered with vermin, whom they saw, were two Beys on a mission from the Viceroy, and refused to supply us. So we turned back to Assouan, and when there, the impulse to return home was irresistible, and we descended the Nile. Though we were, as I said, very happy in the desert, yet, when we left it, the first sound of human voices, the first sight of cultivated land, were inexpressibly delightful.

But the change to town-life—to living under a roof, to eating meat, and drinking wine, and spending only

a few hours in the day in the open air—did not agree with me; my liver became disordered, and I nearly died.

Senior.—Have you ever resumed desert life?

Hekekyan.—Never for so long a period. My last expedition was in 1854, and was cut short by the death of Abbas Pasha. I was on the edge of the Lybian Desert, between Geezeh and the apex of the Delta, in the neighbourhood of a great Bedouin village, and intended to sleep in my tent to escape the dirt and heat and vermin of the Arabs. The Sheykh came to me and said, "You must come with me into the village—the Pasha is dead; the country is not safe."

I accompanied him, and as we entered the village we found it in the state of uproar which excitement produces among Bedouins. The sort of howl or war-cry which they use in their predatory expeditions was often repeated. The dogs and asses and geese were running about, adding their own noises, and the women were making the odd whistle, by blowing through the lips and placing the fingers upon them, by which the Arab women manifest their joy. The court which is the town-hall was deserted, except by the Turk in command of a party of Bashi-Bazooks stationed in the village. "This is not a place for either of us," he said;

"I have been expecting you anxiously. My men are at the gate. Let us go to Geezeh." I did not sympathise with his fears of an immediate outbreak, for, in fact, the people were too happy to be dangerous; but though I stayed that night where I was, I returned the next day to Cairo.

Senior.—Was the end of Mehemet Ali's reign a subject of rejoicing?

Hekekyan.—Not among the people. He oppressed them himself, but he protected them far more effectually than they had ever been protected before from the oppression of their own sheykhs—indeed, better than they have ever been protected since. It was the higher class who rejoiced when they were released from his inquisitive eye and vigorous hand. I may be supposed to be biassed in his favour, for I owe everything to him, but I am not sure whether my sense of obligation tended to make me judge him favourably. The older I grew, the better I was able to understand his actions and his motives, and—to judge them according to the morality which I had learned in England—the more I found in them to blame. It seems ungrateful, but I felt sometimes angry at being so deeply indebted to a man stained with so much crime.

Senior.—Was he an agreeable master?

Hekekyan.—It is always pleasant to have to do with a man of sagacity and decision, who knows what he wants and has made up his mind how he is to get it. But he was ignorant, and, as is often the case with ignorant persons, suspicious. He liked able men, but not superior men; he wished for instruments, not advisers. He was told that an École d'Administration would be a good thing, so he ordered one to be established, and the professors were to examine the candidates for public employments. But when he saw what the questions were, and found that men were to be asked about the incidence of taxation and the theory of government, he put an end instantly to the examinations and to the school.

One of the things which excited his jealousy was mutual intimacy among his ministers. He wished them to be enemies, that they might be checks or spies on one another; he tried to sow dissension between my brothers-in-law, and between them and me. He used to tell me in confidence that they were intriguing against me, and calumniating me to him.

All this, however, was the necessary result of his

education. A Mussulman lives in an atmosphere of deceit. He is taught falsehood not merely by example but by precept. There is a little book in which children learn to read. It consists of short aphorisms; one is, "The world is moved by two levers, deceit and violence. The first is to be used towards friends, the second towards enemies." Another is, "Kiss the hand which you cannot cut." Every man, too, is timid and suspicious in the dark, and a Mussulman sovereign is always in the dark. Mehemet Ali did not know what was the number of his subjects, or the amount of his revenue, or the amount of his expenditure. He received no reports or returns that he could trust; he was enlightened by no public opinion. But while most of his faults were those of his position, his merits were his own. His industry, his forethought, his love of knowledge, his decision, his toleration, his desire of lasting reputation, his wish to improve the country which he governed, the providence with which he sacrificed present advantages in the hope of producing distant results—all these were eminently un-Turkish, indeed un-Mussulman, qualities; he acquired them not by his education, but in spite of it. He was a great man and a great sovereign.

Monday, January 14.—Hekekyan Bey drank tea with us. He recurred to a subject on which we have talked before: the mischief produced by the present relations of Egypt to Turkey.

Hekekyan.—The Viceroy and all about him behave as if they thought their tenure of the country ephemeral. They go through their parts like actors who know that their pomp and splendour and power are all unsubstantial. The Pasha seems to me to think of nothing but making an army to defend himself, and of amassing a treasure to fall back upon if his army should fail him.

Senior.—You believe then that he is saving?

Hekekyan.—It cannot be otherwise. Think what Mehemet Ali did. He kept up an army of 180,000 men, he gave splendid establishments to his children, he paid all his servants magnificently. There were nine or ten persons in his service with incomes from £10,000 to £30,000 a year. He covered the country with schools, he executed great works, and he had not half Said's revenue. Said must be saving very largely.

Senior.— What is the proportion of Egyptians in important offices?

Hekekyan.—There are none. It is remarkable that

of the many Egyptians whom Mehemet Ali educated, at home, in France, and in England, not one distinguished himself in after life. They have all sunk into obscurity. To a certain extent this may be attributed to the compact phalanx of Turks who defend all public employments against all intruders; but I attribute it in part to the languor and apathy produced by twenty centuries of oppression. If the Viceroy were a man of genius and a patriot—if he had the talents and courage and industry of Mehemet Ali, with more knowledge and higher objects—he might, perhaps, identify his interests with those of the people, gradually introduce them into the higher offices, and form a national government. It would be a noble attempt, but I cannot say that it would be a safe one. The Egyptians are accustomed to obey the Turks; they crouch before them as their natural superiors. The Turks, though ignorant and brutal, have the instinct of command. An attempt to give Egypt to the Egyptians would excite the hatred of the Turks in Cairo and the jealousy of those in Constantinople; and I will not affirm that the delegated power of the Viceroy, and perhaps his life, might not perish by violence or by treachery in the storm, or in the intrigues which his

suzerain, conspiring with what might be called the aristocracy of the country, would excite against him. If England or France, both of whom are deeply interested in the prosperity of Egypt, would support him he might succeed. France perhaps *would* support him; I fear that England would oppose him, and then the attempt would be hopeless.

In the meantime I see no way in which he can extricate himself from his false position. He is forced to lean on Constantinople, which hates him, and to employ Turks, who, if they do not hate, thoroughly despise the people whom they are employed to govern. No man is so incapable of liking or esteeming or sympathising with foreigners as a Turk. I have lived much with them, I have had them for my colleagues and subordinates in important offices, we have worked together for the same objects. Now that my official life is over all intercourse between us has ceased; they do not even salute me when we cross in the streets. They seem to have forgotten the existence of a man with whom they were in familiar intercourse for years.

What has saved Egypt from sinking again into the utter misery and degradation in which it was left by the Mamelukes is the interest taken in its affairs by

England and France. If it had not been the road to India it would have fallen back, on Mehemet Ali's death, into an ordinary pashalic, and, like every Turkish pashalic, have been ground down every year lower and lower by systematic robbery and oppression.

Senior.—But if Europe had not interfered, would not Egypt have become independent in 1839?

Hekekyan.—Certainly. But even under that supposition, the most favourable that can be made, if Egypt had been an independent Mussulman empire uncared for by Europeans, Mehemet Ali's improvements would have died with him. Egypt would have become what Morocco is, one degree less miserable than a pashalic, because one native and permanent tyrant is rather less mischievous than a succession of foreign ones, but still wretched beyond the conception of a European. The horrible misgovernment which is incidental to Mussulman institutions is now tempered by the constant presence of Christians, by the employment of them in important offices, and, above all, by the desire of every Viceroy and of his ministers to stand well with the European public. You must have seen how the people here wince at the criticisms of the *Times* correspondent.

Tuesday, January 15.—I walked before breakfast with Hekekyan Bey. The wind is high and north-easterly, and the weather quite as cold and raw as in the worst east wind in England. There is less fog and smoke than in London, but more dust. In the house I can keep myself warm by sitting under three great-coats and a blanket; out of doors by walking at the rate of five miles an hour.

We talked of the Bedouins.

Hekekyan.—They act an important part in our social drama. They are our police without the walls, as the dogs are our police within; every dog has two or three shopkeepers at whose meals he watches for a scrap; in return he attacks every one who passes the shop at night. So every man who lives beyond the gates pays a Bedouin to watch over him.

Senior.—Has Laporte, whose country house is on the Great Shoobra Road, not a mile from the gate, a Bedouin watchman?

Hekekyan.—Of course he has; if he had not he most certainly would be robbed. So has Halim Pasha at Shoobra, and Ismail at his fine palace where you found Lord Canning. So has the Viceroy at the Barrage. I spent some days, a little while ago, with a small force

encamped in the desert. We had round us a circle of sentinels, who disturbed me by constantly passing the word; but they were there merely for ornament, our real sentinels were an external circle of Bedouins.

(We were at the outside of the town, in the desert which begins the instant you pass through the Bab el Nasr.)

Hekekyan.—If you were here at twilight you would see these hills, now so unfrequented, dotted over with dark figures. They are the Bedouins going to their posts—not that their constant presence is necessary. The fact that you have engaged a Bedouin is generally a sufficient protection. The other Bedouins, who are the plunderers to be feared, seldom interfere with any one who is under the protection of one of their own people.

The political importance of the Bedouins is little known in Europe. The tribes that are scattered about the deserts on the east side of the Nile do not amount to less than 600,000 families, and as the trade of every man is to fight, that gives 150,000 soldiers. Egypt, or, as they call it, the Valley, is their market. They sell there their camels and goats and sheep, and buy flour

and arms; their clothes and tents and gunpowder they make for themselves. Mehemet Ali was at great pains to conciliate them. He induced many of their tribes to settle along the western bank of the Nile and in the Fayoom, promising them the use of land which no one else would cultivate and freedom from taxes and from the conscription. In return they were to keep the desert quiet and to supply him, when called on, with irregular cavalry. They established themselves on the edge of the desert, from Assouan downwards, dwelling in tents, cultivating the land which they could reclaim, and breeding camels, goats, and sheep. One of the largest of the tribes is the Oolad Ali. During the latter part of Abbas' reign Said Pasha thought himself in danger, and made himself friends among the Sheykhs of that tribe. This excited the jealousy of Abbas, and he encouraged some of the tribes from the higher part of the desert who were at feud with the Oolad Ali to encroach on their territory and molest them.

When Said became Viceroy he resolved to punish these tribes. He sent orders to them to pay taxes and to supply soldiers to his Nizam or regular army. They answered, as I have no doubt he intended that they

should do, that the demand was a breach of contract, and refused. He required them to give up their lands. They said that they could not. He then entered their country in the Fayoom with a *corps d'armée*—infantry, cavalry and artillery. He invited their Sheykhs to a conference. They came in considerable numbers. Said rode out to meet them. Behind him was his artillery and cavalry. They expostulated, he persisted; the conversation became angry, and he suddenly broke it off, turned his horse's head, galloped back to his troops, and ordered his artillery to fire on them, and his cavalry to charge them. Many were killed by the fire and more in the pursuit. This was of course the beginning of war. The Bedouins, according to their practice, plundered all the Fellah villages in their neighbourhood. Troops were sent against them. They had foreseen this, and the greater part of them retired with their families and camels into the desert. That vast country contains patches of watered land on which considerable numbers of persons with the habits of Bedouins can exist. Many, especially women and children, perished of fatigue and thirst. I have heard that the troops who followed them found lines of bodies parched up by hunger and by the sun till they were so light that you

could lift them with the hand. Some remained behind; some, in fear of the hunger and thirst of the desert, returned.

Said treated them with great inhumanity. He blew the Sheykhs from the cannon's mouth; he put to death many who might almost be called children. One of his generals, a Turk, was so disgusted that he refused to obey, and left the service. He distributed the women and children in a sort of slavery among the Fellah villagers, and sent 1500 of the men to work in chains at the Barrage. They are said to be perishing in great numbers. Three hundred are in one of the military hospitals, chained two and two, notwithstanding their illness. These are injuries which Bedouins will never forgive or forget: where those who have retreated are no one knows. Count Odescalchi, who has property near Sakkarah, tells me that it is rumoured that large bodies of them have been seen in the deserts to the west of that country. They are supposed to be waiting for the harvest to come down and ravage the country. No one doubts that they are watching an opportunity of revenge. I fully expect that they will find one, and we shall suffer severely for the breach of faith and for the oppression of which our government has been guilty.

Senior.—How numerous is the population that has been thus treated?

Hekekyan.—The number of those who have been driven into the desert cannot be less than 40,000; enough to maintain a long harassing predatory war, when such a fortress as the desert is behind them. But probably the most mischievous part of these ill-advised measures is their effect on the tribes which have not been attacked. The Oolad Ali indeed may be pleased to see their enemies punished, but all the others must sympathise with their brethren, and all—the Oolad Ali included—must have lost their faith in the promises of the Egyptian Government.

Thus all Mehemet Ali's policy with respect to the Bedouins is ruined. They are no longer what he made them, a check upon the Fellahs. They are more likely to favour the Fellahs in their attempt to escape from the exactions of their rulers. They can no longer be depended on for keeping the desert safe. If I were now to travel in it I should assume the European dress: I should then run only the risk of being assassinated from the love of spoil—as a Turk I should be attacked by way of revenge. The narrow valley of Upper Egypt is open to incursions along a double frontier of

300 miles. The inhabitants are almost all without arms. The Viceroy's small army can protect only a few scattered points. I tremble for the villages, and the mere alarm spread by the destruction of one or two of them may paralyse the industry and endanger the subsistence of hundreds of others.

The Viceroy has just taken another step which increases the danger to be apprehended from the enmity of the Bedouins.

The sons of the Sheykhs of the Fellah villages have as yet been exempted from the conscription. Indeed, as they are the persons who select the conscripts, it could scarcely be otherwise. Said Pasha, who is every inch a king, wishes, like his European brethren, for a *corps d'élite*, *gardes du corps*, or *Cent Suisses*. Egypt cannot give him nobles for the purpose, but the nearest approach to nobles are the Sheykhs. He has seized three or four thousand of their sons and sent them to the Barrage, to be formed into his *garde noble*. Their families are in despair. The Sheykh whom you saw at my house the other day has a son who has been taken. He came to me yesterday in the deepest distress. "It is not my son's being a soldier," he said, "that I complain of, but his being put under Turkish

officers, who will insult and degrade, and perhaps deprave him." Large sums have been offered as ransoms, but have been refused. It is said that a Sheykh hired a man to personate his son, that it was discovered, and that both the Sheykh and the substitute were hanged a few days ago at Tantah.

Now if the Viceroy loses the confidence and the friendship of the Bedouins, and incurs the enmity of the Fellahs, on whom can he rely? Not on the Turks, for they receive their impulse from Constantinople, and Constantinople is not his friend; his negro regiments may stand by him, but they are few, and they are no match for the Egyptians.

What increases my alarm is the wantonness with which he has run against these rocks. Why was he to punish one tribe of Bedouins for having plundered another, even at the instigation of Abbas? If he wanted a body-guard, why did he not take it from the best men in his regiments? a reluctant body-guard seems the most absurd of institutions; and, to create one, he has injured and offended the most influential class among his subjects. Such a beginning augurs ill for what is to come. It is not often that a Mussulman sovereign improves. It must be a very strong head

indeed that is not turned by absolute power and constant flattery, and Said's is not a strong head.

Senior.—What is the object for which the Viceroy is moving these *corps d'armée*, with all their cavalry and artillery, up and down the country?

Hekekyan.—I believe that he expects to have to defend himself, and that he wishes to keep his troops in such a state as to be able to act on the shortest notice.

Senior.—Against what enemies does he expect to have to defend himself?

Hekekyan.—I will not say what precisely are the dangers which *he* fears; *I* fear two, one from the north, the other fom the west. The Russians, by the capture of Kars, have turned the defences of Syria.

Armenia and Kurdistan are, like all Turkish provinces, ill-governed and disaffected. Russia may overrun them, or she may conciliate the lawless, fierce Kurd, and drive them on Syria from behind. Syria itself oppressed, almost ruined, will not make much defence, and Egypt is too tempting to be abstained from, if there be the slightest chance of obtaining even a temporary possession of it. You have so strong an interest in Egypt that you will interfere if you think that the Russians have the slightest chance. I believe

that Said sees, as I do, that Alexandria is in danger of being occupied either by the allies or by the Russians, and he is endeavouring to keep Egypt to himself by creating and maintaining a force able to defend it.

Again, suppose the Russians defeated, or so exhausted as to make peace, Turkey will be in high favour with England. Her whole attention will then be turned on Egypt. The indefiniteness of her rights to the country is such that if pushed to the utmost they leave to the Viceroy no more independence than is possessed by an ordinary pasha, except that he cannot be deposed. She will endeavour to push them to the utmost, and will promise you everything that you can wish—transit, railroad, telegraph, free trade—if you will abet her; and I fear that your ignorance of the real interests of Egypt, or perhaps your indifference to them, may make you yield to the temptation.

Senior.—We ought not to be ignorant or indifferent on any questions affecting Egypt, when, beside the transit, our trade with the country is so large. But Said has a patron in France on whom he may rely for protection against injustice—perhaps for support when he himself is unjust.

Hekekyan.—That is true; but means may be taken to

render him a *protégé* whom it will be disgraceful to protect. He is surrounded by a set of wretches, many of them, I believe, emissaries from Constantinople, who are striving, by stimulants applied to all his bad passions and to all his bad propensities, to seduce him into an excess of misgovernment which may disgust the European public. Already I see a change for the worse. He began well, but during the last six months of his reign he has become violent, rash, and unjust, and indeed cruel. I believe him to be under the influence of—I will not say bad advisers, for he does not listen to advice, but of bad flatterers. He is surrounded by *pessimum genus inimicorum, laudantes.*

Mrs. Senior was advised by her Cairene friends to stay at home to-day. "None of us," they said, "would venture out if we could help it;" but she thought that wrapped up she might face the wind. The result has been that a cough, under which she has suffered ever since this very cold weather began four weeks ago, has been much increased. My bronchitis continues, though not severely.

Wednesday, January 16.—Linant Bey called on

us. I had not seen Linant since his return from Pelusium.

We talked of the Bedouin War.

Linant.—I have lived in Egypt for forty years, and I think this is the event which, during that long period, has given me the most pain. I do not see how it is to end.

Senior.—A war with barbarians is always harassing.

Linant.—They are not barbarians; they are more civilised than the Fellahs. They have, indeed, many of the virtues of barbarians—contempt of life, and the power to endure, without flinching, cold, heat, hunger, thirst, and fatigue. As for their resentment and revenge, when they have been deceived and plundered and driven into the desert, while their friends have been murdered, or worse than murdered, I am not sure whether you call those barbarian or civilised feelings.

Thursday, January 17.—I walked with Mr. Bruce to look at a house which is being finished for him just out of the town, on the Shoobra road. The views are charming, commanding the Pyramids, the Nile, and the desert to the south and west, the Shoobra Avenue to the north, and Cairo and the Citadel to the east.

There are only two floors: he will have a kitchen, two servants' rooms and a dining-room below, two bedrooms and three sitting-rooms above. The rooms are lofty, and about twenty-four feet square; much space is given to a large hall and staircase; he is to pay £100 a year.

He talked very seriously of the mischief done by the newspaper correspondents.

Bruce.—It is not that there is a great amount of absolute falsehood, but that everything favourable to Said is omitted, and everything unfavourable is exaggerated, and that whenever a bad motive can be found it is assigned. No one who does not know these credulous, suspicious, semi-barbarous countries, would suspect the importance attached to these letters, or the irritation that they excite.

Senior.—Mougil Bey told me that he believed that the late prohibition of the exportation of grain was prompted by anger against our newspapers.

Bruce.—I find traces of these feelings in all my transactions with the government. They may counteract and perhaps defeat us in affairs of vital importance. What makes the matter worse is that they were silent during all Abbas' atrocities. It is only since Said's

accession that they have commenced their system of attack. Now Abbas was essentially a barbarian, opposed to knowledge, to commerce, and to civilisation. All that Said has done has been favourable to them. We have nothing to do with his treatment of Fellahs or Bedouins. His treatment of *us* has been unexceptionable. For centuries Egypt has not had a ruler so liberal in commercial matters. The newspapers are doing their best to make him our enemy, and there are plenty of people round him who second their efforts.

Friday, January 18.—I called this morning on Cahil Effendi, the Armenian Vice-Consul, and found with him Hekekyan.

We talked of the population of Cairo.

Cahil.—The worst are the foreigners, especially the Italians and Greeks. They have persuaded some of the slaves to take advantage of the Viceroy's order giving them freedom, and have turned them into robbers like themselves.

Senior.—Which are the worst, the Italians or the Greeks?

Cahil.—The Greeks. You may sometimes hear truth from an Italian, never from a Greek. You may

sometimes deal with an Italian without being cheated, never with a Greek. The population, indeed, is generally fraudulent. There is not a shop in Cairo in which you can safely change a dollar, unless you have knowledge and vigilance enough to exact your full change. There is some excuse for them, however, in the example set by the Government. What can be more monstrous than this repudiation by the Viceroy of all the debts which he owes to his servants? or more unjust than the cutting off one-fourth of the salaries of men who have given up all their previous means of subsistence in order to devote themselves to the public service? and this at a time when the increased expense of living is forcing every other employer of labour to raise wages. Mehemet Ali's injustices had a motive. They were means for obtaining great public objects. Said's injustice is wanton. He does not want the pittance of which he deprives his ill-paid employés; he robs not to spend, but to hoard. It will excite great indignation throughout Europe.

Hekekyan.—I feel difficulty in deciding what among possible things I ought to desire for this country. I cannot wish it to sink back into a pashalic, governed from Constantinople. No misgovernment is so stupid

or so reckless as that of a Turkish dependency. In a hundred years it would turn even Egypt into a desert. On the other hand, a native sovereign, educated in the hareem, without any knowledge of books or of men or of things; accustomed to no control, moral or intellectual —neither to restrain his passions, nor to discuss his prejudices or his whims—is only one degree less bad than the imported pasha. In one respect, indeed, he is worse. The imported pasha was born a subject. He made his own way. He was not intrusted with power until he had some feeling of responsibility. The hereditary pasha is trained to violence and to bloodshed from a child.

Senior.—Not to bloodshed; at least, in the present instance.

Hekekyan.—Yes; to bloodshed in the present instance. I will give you a proof of this which fell within my own knowledge. Omar Bey, a youth of some distinction, was sent to England for education. He was placed in a school or seminary kept by a Mrs. Rowcroft. There he attached himself much to a young man, a teacher in the school, whose name I forget, but who may be identified as having been a relation of Sir Charles Napier. He persuaded the

teacher to return with him to Egypt. Mehemet Ali heard of him, and, when he was no longer necessary to Omar Bey, took him and placed him about the person of his son Said, then a youth of about twenty. They were travelling together in the desert when a man, the husband of Said's nurse, came to him to urge some claim. The matter was discussed; Said got angry, and shot the man on the spot. The teacher declared that he would not spend another hour in the company of a murderer. Said grew still more violent and said, "What is to prevent my shooting *you* too?"

"Only this," answered the teacher, "that the British Government will inflict on my murderer a retribution very different from that which the Egyptian Government will inflict on the murderer of this poor man."

Said was intimidated, and let him go. He went off instantly to Suez, on his way to India, to Sir Charles Napier, who, he said, would be able to provide for him. I saw him there a few days after these events happened, and heard them from his own lips.

The best thing that could happen to us would be to be occupied by England or by France. The next best thing that you could do for us would be to cut off our connection with Constantinople; to let our Sultan be

controlled by an English or by a French resident with a right to forbid, and in certain cases to command. I see the evils of such a system. I know that no nation which is subject to it can be really prosperous. I offer it only as a *pis aller*, as likely to produce a government incomparably better than that of a Turkish pasha, and many degrees better than that of an independent Mussulman sultan.

Senior.—You give up as impossible all control of the government by the people.

Hekekyan.—Certainly. Such a control, except by the coarse expedients of insurrection and assassination, is impossible among Mussulmans. They have no patriotism, no forethought, no public spirit, no mutual confidence. A Mussulman has no friends. He goes from his hareem to his shop, from his shop to his coffee-house, and back to his hareem. There is no intercourse between families. The wives may make acquaintances at the bath, and husbands at the coffee-house, but they are mere acquaintances. No man enters the house of another, or, if he does, gets beyond the passage, and the little room on the ground-floor at the end of it called a mandarah. They do not read. They do not converse on any subjects, except such as are trivial or indecent.

What are the elements in such a society of political life, and of the courage and generous sympathies which political life requires?

Senior.—You are speaking of the townspeople. The Fellahs and the Bedouins are Mussulmans, but do not answer this description.

Hekekyan.—The Fellah is an animal—kind, docile, laborious: a higher sort of dog. The Bedouin, too, is kind and laborious after his fashion, which is a very different one from that of the Fellah; that is to say, he is kind to his family and to his guests, and will endure any amount of fatigue and hardship on a march or in war, but he is not docile, and I doubt whether he is improvable. When we are talking of political life on a great scale, the Fellah and the Bedouin must be left out of the question.

If you do not like my plan of putting Egypt under the control of a French or an English resident, I can give you another alternative. It may be placed under Russian influence. Russia has her eyes fixed on it. There is a natural sympathy between the despot of the south and the despot of the north. They have a common enemy in Turkey; they look with common dislike on the higher civilisation of England and France.

Senior.—I am told that Said Pasha sympathises with Turkey as the country of his ancestors, and with the Sultan as the head of his religion.

Hekekyan.—Do not believe it. In the first place a Turk has no country. The Turks are merely encamped in the West. They are Tartars; they know that as soon as they have been permitted to do all the mischief that has been assigned to them in Europe and in Africa, they will be driven back to their steppes in Asia. Said may have some sympathy with the *Turks*, he has none with *Turkey*; as for the Sultan's being the head of his religion, he cares nothing for his religion. He does not believe in it. How could he, after having been educated in a French family? He knows that the Sultan hates and fears him, and you may be sure that he hates and fears the Sultan. I have reason to know that the early ill-successes of the Russians caused great disappointment, and that the capture of Kars was welcomed at the Barrage. If the next campaign in Asia Minor is favourable to the Russians, you will find a change in the Viceroy's tone. Why is he arming the fortifications of Alexandria, which he neglected until a month ago? Is it against Russia, or is it against England and France?

Friday, January 18.—It rained to-day for almost an hour, for the first time since December 23, and for the second time since we have been in Egypt.

Monday, January 21.—The winter seems to be over. It began on December 21, and, according to the Cairenes, has been unusually severe. The temperature of the morning and of the middle of the day is now that of a fine English June. In the evening a great-coat is necessary. I sleep on straw under a counterpane and shawl, instead of using, as I did, a wool mattress, a counterpane and two shawls.

I walked this morning with Hekekyan along the green bank of the Nile; we talked of the state of society in Egypt.

Hekekyan.—It is divided into three classes, which have no sympathy or intercourse, and which therefore must be considered separately—

Firstly: the governing class.

Secondly: the foreigners.

Thirdly: the people.

The Pasha of course is a being apart; to him there is *nihil simile aut secundum.*

The highest aristocracy—the class that answers to your Sutherlands, Leinsters, and Lansdownes—are the

persons in attendance on the Pasha's person—his cook, his barber, his pipe-bearer, his bather, the man who takes off his slippers, those who hold the musquito-net over him when he sleeps.

Senior.—I should have thought a four post-bedstead a better supporter for a musquito-net than any human hands.

Hekekyan.—So it is, when it is to be had. But the Pasha is often in the desert, where four-post bedsteads are not found. His net is then held by four men. Mehemet Ali in his hareem used to employ six girls: four to hold it up, and two standing under it, to keep him covered, and to tell stories to him if he lay awake.

If any of these great officers—the barber, for instance, or the pipe-bearer—were to do me the honour of a visit, I should place him in the corner of the divan, give him the pipe of ceremony, and not sit until he ordered me to do so. To act otherwise to so great a man would be a breach of etiquette. These are the *fonds* of the Pasha's society. He talks to his bather while he is in his bath, tells him his plans, and abuses his ministers, and the bathing-man talks in return. This is the company in which he is at ease, in which he is unsuspicious, in which he is open to influence; and you

may suppose what sort of impressions he gets from a raw Anatolian, selected for his beauty, without moral or intellectual education.

After these high dignitaries—*la crême de la crême*—come the ministers, who form the second class in the governing body. In birth and education they are about on a par with the first class; but as their tenure of office is much less secure, as their functions are much less important, as their intercourse with the demi-god is much rarer, and their influence much smaller, and their power of being mischievous or useful much slighter, they hold in public estimation, as well as that of the ruler, a much lower rank than the first class. If the man who carries the Pasha's slippers is Lord Lansdowne, Edhem Pasha is about a Lord Mayor, or may rise to be on a par with an English Under Secretary.

After the ministers come the other officials, beginning with the Pashas and Beys, and ending with the lowest Effendi, for every man in office is an Effendi. They form the third subdivision of the governing class, and are much more nearly on a par with the ministers than the ministers are with the first class who bask in the presence of the master.

These three classes constitute the aristocracy of Egypt.

Senior.—It must be an ephemeral aristocracy.

Hekekyan.—The most so in the world. It depends not only on the caprice, but on the life of the sovereign; on every change of master, the highest class—the cook, the barber, &c.—are naturally, almost necessarily, changed; so are the ministers; and even the lower functionaries are not permanent. The instinct of Abbas was, with or without a pretext, to dismiss all who had been appointed by his grandfather. Said tries to get rid of those who were introduced by Abbas. In all despotic governments the favourites of the predecessor are disliked by the successor. But, ephemeral as they are, they constitute in their own eyes, and in those of the Pasha, the human beings of Egypt. All others are like the camels, the horses, the donkeys, and the cattle—mere live-stock to be fed and housed and used, but not fellow-creatures. Still they have rank among one another. In the towns the Ulemas are at the top: they are the priests, the learned men who understand—what among Mussulmans go together—theology and law. The Koran and its commentaries supply both. very learned Ulema knows by heart a

portion of the Koran, and perhaps of one of its commentaries. But such learning is rare. In general their knowledge is superficial. There are in Cairo perhaps three hundred Ulemas—the profession is hereditary.

After the Ulemas there is little difference of ranks. Birth confers no distinction in a country in which it has no privileges, and in which the ruling caste has for centuries been composed of emancipated slaves; and wealth, as it is generally enjoyed solitarily and selfishly, gives little influence.

In the country the greatest man is the saint, or learned man who answers to the Ulema of the town; after him come the Sheykhs or great landed proprietors. The most eminent of these, taking property and personal qualities into consideration, is generally appointed by the Government Sheykh-el-Beled, an office of great trust and power. He is the intermediate between the Government and the Fellahs; he collects the taxes, he chooses the soldiers, he acts as judge—in short, he is the Pasha in miniature. His attendants, like those of the Pasha, shine with a glory reflected from him. The saint, the Sheykh-el-Beled, his personal attendants, and the other Sheykh, form the

higher class in the village. The middle-class consists of the butcher, the baker, the barber, and the other professional men or capitalists; the lower class consists of the Fellahs, most of them labourers for hire, though a few of them have land of their own, or temporary rights to a portion of the common land belonging to the village.

Senior.—Now for the foreigners.

Hekekyan.—They are still less fellow-creatures. The firm belief of the Mussulman is that every unbeliever is the enemy of God, and, if he die in his unbelief, destined to eternal punishment. Some, in order to reconcile this doctrine to the mercy of God, hold that no man dies an unbeliever: that at the instant of death every one is converted. But this is not the common opinion. On the other hand, they admit the superior intelligence of Christians, and are convinced that the Ottoman power is rapidly falling, and that in a few years the Turks will be driven back into their native deserts of Tartary. Thence, indeed, after some thousands of years, they are to reissue and conquer and convert the whole world; but the interval is to be one of hardship and obscurity. Foreigners, therefore, are in the position of the magicians of the Middle Ages. They are the objects of

a mixture of envy, dread, hatred and contempt. There is no real intimacy between them and any of the Mussulman classes, whether governors or governed.

Senior.—Does not the Pasha live much with foreigners, such as Ruyssenaer, Pastoret, and Koenig Bey?

Hekekyan.—Koenig Bey is not to be classed among foreigners. His early connection with the Pasha, and his constant intercourse with him as his secretary, put him rather in the higher class, with the barber and the cook. As for the others, the Pasha sees them as he sees dancing-girls or astrologers. They give him some amusement and they give him some information. But he does not exchange opinions with them as he does with the barber; he knows that they say nothing to him without some object. He listens to them, but it is for the purpose of acting in opposition to their recommendations. If he believes them, it is only when they abuse one another. One man shows him a letter from London, describing the flat-bottomed gunboats which are building in the river, and must be intended to cross the shoals of the old Port of Alexandria. He gets permission to purchase at the Viceregal stores 10,000 ardebs of oats. Another has credible information

that Louis Napoleon, aware of the perfidious intentions of Queen Victoria, has resolved to be beforehand, and to garrison Egypt against her. He is allowed to purchase 10,000 ardebs of beans.

Tuesday, January 22.—Solyman Effendi called on us. We talked of the changes which during the last month the Pasha had been making in his army. He has disbanded three battalions of *pontonniers* (sappers and miners) and engineers, and two regiments, 1200 strong each, of guards. These were highly-paid troops, receiving, besides rations, sixty piastres a month. The common soldier receives only twelve. At the same time he has ordered a new levy of eight regiments, or 9,600 men. He retains one regiment of guards, which, with his guard of honour, he thinks sufficient.

Senior.—Is twelve piastres a month sufficient?

Solyman.—Quite so; for the rations are so abundant that the soldiers feed their wives and families out of them, and have a surplus. But of course the change will produce some dissatisfaction, especially if, as will be to a considerable extent the case, the men who are disbanded are retaken.

The high price of provisions is complained of, and the

Pasha's conduct has tended to increase it. Some months ago he issued an order forbidding, after a period of three months, the exportation of grain. Of course during the interval the exportation was great, the prices in Europe being very high. This prohibition has since been revoked. The townspeople, who form about one-third of our population, are very angry at this revocation, and ascribe it to the influence of the foreigners; and every one sees that the measures which have been adopted have produced the greatest possible exportation at the least possible price; that they have produced the maximum of inconvenience to the consumer, with the minimum of advantage to the producer?

Senior.—I thought that millet and maize were the main food of the people?

Solyman.—Not in the towns. The people of the towns live almost exclusively on wheat, and as it has risen to about thirty-nine shillings a quarter, you may estimate the privations of persons whose wages do not exceed sixpence a day.

Wednesday, January 23.—Hekekyan Bey walked with me round the Citadel, and thence up to the summit of the Mokattam Hills, which rise to its south and

command it. The road which we took is one of the old roads to Suez, but has been abandoned for a lower and easier one. It is now used principally by those who extract stone from the mountain-side, where it is easily worked. Between the Citadel and the Nile we passed through the mounds of rubbish, mixed with broken bricks and pottery, which mark the site of the ancient Babylon. Higher up, as the scenery grew wilder and the precipices more abrupt, we saw from time to time little hiding-places among the rocks about fifty feet from the road, built up with loose stones; they were generally placed so as to command the road for some distance above and below.

Hekekyan.—Here a Bedouin lurks, with his long gun pointed to the road, and if he sees a solitary passenger, calls out, "My brother, throw down your tarboosh, throw down your cloak, throw down your sash, throw down your kaftan, throw down your drawers, throw down your shirt. Now you are naked, run off as hard as you can."

Senior.—Is there any chance of our being thus addressed?

Hekekyan.—Not now in broad day, and two of us together; but when I come here alone, as I often do to

enjoy the pure air of the desert, I always take arms. To attack us, however, would be very dangerous. Anything, except money, which they took from us would lead to detection, and they know that the whole force and activity of the Government would be put forth to avenge us. They might not catch the actual perpetrators, but somebody would be caught, and somebody would be hanged. If no other victim could be found, some of those who are now in prison, convicted or suspected of other crimes, would be sacrificed to us. This not an uncommon expedient. In 1840, during the Syrian War, orders were issued that no one should talk about it, and some ten people were hanged, ostensibly for having done so; but I, who was behind the scenes, knew that their real offences were of another kind, though, to strike terror, that which was publicly assigned was "having talked about the war."

Senior.—Were you ever attacked during your wanderings?

Hekekyan.—Not actually attacked, but I have been waylaid. I was at Suez in 1840 with Gallice Bey and Solyman Pasha. We were sent thither, ostensibly to make plans for the fortification of Suez against the English, but it was a mere pretext. I heard that

Madame Hekekyan was ill; and Solyman Pasha, who is very good-natured, gave me a week's leave of absence. I started with one companion, on dromedaries, in the afternoon; and an hour before sunrise the next day we were about eight miles from Cairo, near Khanka, where the Mokattam Hills approach the caravan path. A Bedouin, apparently watching on the hill-top, ran down to meet us. We stopped, and my servant turned round his dromedary to talk to him. While they were conversing he called to me in a loud whisper, "Look behind!" I felt for my pistol, turned, and saw in the grey of the morning the gigantic form of my old acquaintance, Sheykh Mohammed of Khanka, with his long gun, creeping towards me. He caught my eye, saw that he was discovered, and that I was armed, and disappeared behind a rock. He was, or rather *is*—for I have not heard of his death—a Goliah. He is nearly seven feet high, and of great strength and activity, and has twelve fingers and twelve toes. His *sobriquet* is Bou-Batneych—the Father of Two Stomachs—either from his size, or from his voracity. He is a very gentlemanlike man; I used often to meet him at Clot Bey's. Partly from the love of spoil, and partly, perhaps, from the love of excitement, he used from time to time to

plunder a traveller. Such was the practice of most of the Bedouin Sheykhs. Probably he refrained from robbing me, because it might have been necessary also to murder me.

When we were on the wide plateau overlooking the Nile, the Delta, the desert, and the town, he pointed out to me below the vast palaces rising among gardens, which surround the ruins and hovels of Cairo.

Hekekyan.—There you see the results of our civilisation. At an enormous expenditure of money, often of life, our master for the time being raises, wherever he takes a whim of residing, a mixture of barrack and factory, with a thousand windows and acres of stabling, to hold his wives and his horses. They do not long survive him.

Nothing in modern Egypt is well built, and nothing is repaired. Abbas' palaces, built at an expense which would have fertilised a province, were beginning to fall before his short reign was over. Ten years hence they probably will all be ruins.

During a couple of hours while we were wandering

along the edge of the desert table-land we saw only one person, a woman.

Hekekyan.—When a Bedouin on an expedition sees a woman in the desert, he calls to her as soon as she is near enough to hear him; thereupon she stops, and turns her back to him. He turns the tail of his dromedary to her, and the conversation begins.

First he asks, "Has there been any blood?"—that is, has anybody killed anybody? This information is useful to him, as showing the state of feud between the tribes. The answer may govern his motions. The next question is, "Has there been any water?"—that is, has any rain fallen, and where? This also may decide his course. Then he tells his name and tribe, and asks hers, and, if they are acquaintances, inquires after the father and mother and camels and horses and goats, down to the watch-dogs. The conference is then over, she veils her face closely, turns, and passes him.

On our return we stopped in the bazaar to buy some sticks. A venerable-looking man begged, and Hekekyan gave him something, whereupon the beggar seized his hands and kissed them, then took his ears and made them crack. then embraced his head, and, after holding

it for some time, kissed him on the forehead. All this time he was talking. I begged Hekekyan to interpret.

Hekekyan.—He told me that he had once been rich, that he had begged to-day of many persons, but that I was the first who had given him anything; that my hands, my ears, and my forehead showed that I was destined to long life and to prosperity; and finally he gave me his blessing, whereupon I gave him another piastre.

Thursday, January 24.—Hekekyan brought his wife to tea with us—this was a great honour. It was the first time that she had passed an evening out of her own house since she was married. But, as she speaks only Turkish, he had to act as interpreter.

We talked of Abbas' death.

Madame Hekekyan.—I am convinced that he was murdered. I have talked the matter over with several persons having access to good information, and I have not found one who believes that he died naturally.

Hekekyan.—And I have talked it over with Diamant Bey, the French physician who examined the body on the day of his death, and he affirms that he died of apoplexy.

How impossible it is to get at the truth in this country! Here is an event of great importance, which occurred only eighteen months ago, within ten miles of Cairo, and there are five different versions of it:—

1. That he died of apoplexy.
2. That he was suffocated with a wet cloth.
3. That he was strangled with a palm-tree cord.
4. That he was stabbed in the heart.
5. That he was stifled under the cushions of his divan.

If the first story is not true, Diamant Bey is a wonderful actor, for he described to me the marks of apoplexy on the body with the most ingenuous frankness.

Hekekyan spoke in very high terms of Mr. Walne.

Hekekyan.—He has great good sense and sagacity, and he has had remarkable opportunities of observation. He practised as a physician before he became Consul. His reputation, especially as an oculist, extends over the whole Valley of the Nile; as he still gives advice, though gratuitously, he is never without patients. Hundreds come to him every year from beyond the Cataracts. I do not believe that any one, native or European, knows Egypt better than Walne;

he has lived in familiar intercourse with every class of its inhabitants. He is prejudiced without doubt. In this country of party spirit, intrigue and falsehood, every one becomes a partisan. Much of what he tells you may not be true, but he believes it all to be true.

Saturday, January 26.—M. de Lesseps has returned from Alexandria. He is on a visit to the Viceroy, and I called on him to day in the Viceroy's palace, called the Kasr-en-Neel. It is a large building of only a ground and first floors, running round two courts, with a garden in the inner court, rising on the south side from the river. M. de Lesseps' apartments, which are on that side, are charming—they are on the first floor, paved with marble, furnished with deep Turkish divans, and approached by marble corridors cooled by fountains. The ceiling and walls of one of them, in which was Mehemet Ali's bedroom, are coated with mirrors. Strange scenes are said to have passed there. The walls of the others are painted much like the rooms of Pompeii, with views of landscapes and buildings, in supreme contempt of perspective.

I asked him for explanations as to two matters which I have heard much discussed during his absence: the Bedouin War, and the seizure of the sons of the Sheykhs.

Lesseps.—As to the Bedouin War, as it took place before we reached Egypt, I am imperfectly informed; when you see the Viceroy he will talk to you about it.

I may say, generally, that both these measures form part of a wise and benevolent attempt on the part of the Viceroy to relieve the Fellahs, who constitute the bulk of the people, from the injustice which has oppressed them for centuries. The key to all his policy is to be found in an expression which he has repeated to me more than once: "L'Égypte était un moyen pour mon père; c'est un but pour moi." The Bedouins, though enjoying the advantages of a civilised government—cultivators of the soil, herdsmen, camel breeders, growing rich in the markets and under the protection of Egypt—evade all public duties. They pay no taxes, they supply no soldiers; they throw all their burdens on the Fellahs. This injustice the Pasha will tolerate no longer.

As to the Sheykhs, though they pay taxes, they also

have escaped the conscription, and of course have made it press more heavily upon the Fellahs.

Senior.—Their exemption must have been invidious, but are they numerous enough to render it a real grievance? I hear that only a few hundreds of their sons are taken, and that they are merely to form a guard of honour. This will not much relieve the Fellahs.

Lesseps.—You have been misinformed. There are many thousand Sheykh families, probably not less than 20,000. They are to supply, not a guard of honour, but eight regiments—at least 10,000 men. The relief to the Fellahs will amount to this—that this year not a single Fellah will be taken. They, of course, are delighted. The Viceroy's plan is to put an end to the arbitrary levies by which the army has as yet been kept up, which occasioned not only great injustice towards those who were taken, but also great robbery from those who paid to be passed over. He intends the whole population to pay its debt, impartially, by lot, to the defence of the country; to do this of course he had to put an end to all exemptions: to that of the Sheykhs as well as that of the Bedouins.

Senior.—But if 10,000 men are to be raised from 20,000 families, the Viceroy will take all except those who are disqualified by age or infirmity.

Lesseps.—Certainly he will—all the able-bodied sons of Sheykhs between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two will be taken.

We have been having terrible scenes at Tantah; the women—the mothers and sisters of the conscripts—have been collecting under the Viceroy's windows, their arms and faces covered with mud, wailing and sometimes cursing in a sort of recitative. There is a saint's grave there; they have been beating it, and throwing stones at it, and abusing the saint for not coming out of it to their assistance. Said Pasha respects their grief, and has not interfered with them. Zulficar Pasha, however, went out to some Sheykhs who were before the door, and talked over the matter with them, and forced them to admit that in reality they had nothing to complain of, and that they would not gain if the Pasha resorted to the old practice of sending a lot of Arnouts or Albanians to seize soldiers and live at free quarters in the villages whose quota of men were not forthcoming.

Senior.—I heard of the execution at Tantah of a

Sheykh who had sent a substitute for his son, and also of the substitute.

Lesseps.—Two men were hanged at Tantah, but the story has not been told to you correctly. The Viceroy gave notice that every one who concealed persons subject to the conscription would be hanged; eight persons were accused of having done so; when called on for their defence their only answer was, it was the will of God. He could not accept this excuse, and two were hanged. They were Sheykhs, but they were not, as has been said, the fathers of the conscripts. The Viceroy would have respected, or at least pitied, the disobedience of a father.

The excitement which this execution has produced is a strong proof of the general leniency of the Government. At no other time in the history of Egypt would the hanging of a couple of men have occasioned a remark. I remember seeing in 1840 a dozen decapitated bodies in the Roumeyleh, with labels on their breasts, "For having had too long tongues." Mehemet Ali had forbidden on pain of death all conversation with respect to the war which he was carrying on against the Sultan. These men, it seems, had spread news or had asked news about it.

Senior.—Hekekyan Bey told me that story, and added that they were the bodies of criminals really guilty of other offences.

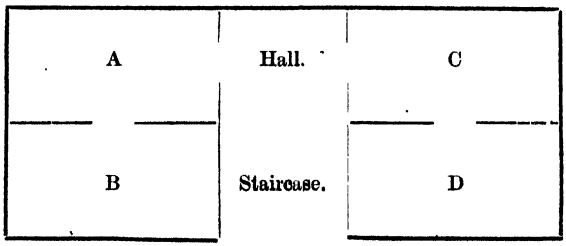
Lesseps.—That is very probable; such a trick was quite in Mehemet Ali's way; but if there had been no criminals ready he would not have had the least scruple in cutting off the heads of a dozen quidnuncs. Nor would the public have been offended or even surprised.

Now the execution of two men is talked of throughout the Delta, and without doubt such a punishment inflicted on men whose offence was that of having endeavoured to save their young friends from what they thought a calamity is revolting to our feelings. To excuse it we must imagine ourselves in the position of an Eastern sovereign, whose only instrument of government is fear.

We had some hours of rain this evening; this is the third day that it has rained during the ten weeks that we have been in Egypt.

Sunday, January 27.—I went with Mr. Walne at three o'clock to-day to the marriage of two Greeks.

It took place in the house of the father of the bride, in the Esbekeeyeh. Five large rooms were open on the first floor—a hall and two rooms on each side of it, in this form :—



The father, mother, and sisters of the bride received us in the hall; thence we went into the rooms A and B. In A were the Armenian Patriarch of Alexandria —a venerable looking man with an enormous beard— and about fifty men, the *élite* of the Christian society of Cairo; in room B were their wives and daughters, seated on a divan running round the room. There was little communication between the rooms, except that from time to time an adventurous male penetrated into the inner room, but soon retreated. Rooms C and D were given up as robing-rooms to the priests. After some time the Patriarch disappeared, and re-

turned covered with gold and accompanied by five or six other priests in gorgeous robes. A cloth was laid on a small table in room A, and one or two richly-bound books and a dozen lighted candles were placed on it. A lighted taper was given to each of us; the bride and bridegroom took their places on one side of the table, the Patriarch and priests on the other. She was rather plain, with a short thick figure and pale face, dressed up to the throat in white. The bridegroom was a gentlemanly-looking man dressed in black.

The service was in Greek, intoned and pronounced rapidly. The only words that I caught were "*κύριε ἐλέησον*" and "*ἄνδρα*" and "*γυναῖκα.*" In the course of it the Patriarch took two rings, held them before the couple, touched their foreheads with them, and put them on their hands outside their gloves. At last he took two crowns of white artificial flowers, and put one on the head of each of them; they kissed several times a large book, and then walked in procession after the Patriarch and priests round and round the table, a girl behind each of them holding on the crown. The tapers were then put out, the bridegroom and bride resumed their places at the table, still with their

crowns, and the relations on both sides came up and kissed them each. They seemed collected and unembarrassed, but the bridegroom looked rather absurd under his crown.

We went away at about half-past four, but I hear that they danced all the evening.

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